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THE
LOYALIST POETRY
OF THE
REVOLUTION.

Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore——

HORACE.

PHILADELPHIA.

MDCCCLVII.

No. 81

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IT is well known that, during our Revolutionary War, a very large part, if not an actual majority, of the American people remained more or less attached to the cause of the Crown. And considering how much of the education and intelligence of the community was included in their ranks, it will not be surprising to find that the Loyalists of that day were far from remiss in their efforts to vindicate their own conduct, or to attack that of their opponents. But as from the outset, with very rare exceptions, the press over all the continent was in the hands of the Whigs, they were thus shut out for the time from the popular ear; and since the close of the struggle, their literary productions have sunk into oblivion. Nevertheless, much of the Loyalist poetry of that season possesses a degree of vigor and of real merit worthy of a better cause and a better fate; and almost all of it is curious, not only as an evidence of popular feeling, but through its general inaccessibility to the historical student or collector. Much
matter

matter of this nature being in the possession of J. FRANCIS FISHER and WINTHROP SARGENT, of Philadelphia, they have concluded to print a selection of the most interesting pieces, at an early day; and, for the benefit of the curious in such things, this circular is issued. The work in question will be edited with illustrative notes, and supplied to a limited number of subscribers for the sum of five dollars; which will, it is computed, be the cost price of each copy. It will be printed in a small volume, from a new font of English Antique type, with good French ink, and upon excellent Holland *papier vergé*, made by D. & C. BLAUW, imported for the purpose. Under no circumstances is it intended that the impression shall reach one hundred copies; nor will a single copy be printed for sale. It will be essentially a privately printed volume.

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SEPTEMBER 16, 1856.



P R E F A C E .

FROM a large collection of Loyalist Poetry of the American Revolution, belonging to J. Francis Fisher and to Winthrop Sargent, of Philadelphia, this selection has been edited. Much of it has heretofore existed but in manuscript ; and such pieces as are in print are now hardly to be found beyond the confines of two or three libraries. For this reason they are printed ; and because they are the productions of a very important party, concerning whose conduct and motives very little is now known save by the report of its foes and subjugators. Though the editor's sympathies of birth and education are with these last, he can see no good reason why, at this day and in this manner, the scanty records of tory feeling should not at least be rescued from oblivion. As political poems, they are vigorous and

entertaining. Their tone betrays indeed the intemperance of men writing, as Tacitus says, *recentibus odiis*; and it often presents an extreme contrast to that system of eulogizing all the abstract virtues under one proper name which is the frequent and fatal vice of American biography. But contemporaneous invective, while it rarely weighs unduly with posterity, is still worthy of consideration when it comes as the expression of public, rather than private hate; provided that a due allowance is always made for the effect of party spirit, on even the clearest view. A coin seen through water does not appear more distorted from reality, than a character examined through this medium. It is, therefore, mere pedantry and ignorance, as we are told by one of the sages of history, to expect, from minds inflamed by the passions of civil war, the temperate judgment and the measured words of order and tranquillity. It is in this light that this volume should be viewed. The persons assailed in it, like their assailants, have passed away: even of those to whom their features were familiar, but few remain. The sting of personality is therefore avoided; and while the fame of the really good and worthy, among the fathers of our state, is written in characters too

radiant to be dimmed by the breath of a churchyard vapor, it is hoped and believed that their descendants will not take it amiss that the chiefs of the whigs were disliked by the tories. To be slandered—if slandered indeed they all be—in the same breath with Washington and Bishop White, is surely no unbearable misfortune.

As these pieces were written in the days when a spade was called a spade, they may reasonably be expected to contain more than one ‘strong, oldfashioned English word, familiar to all who read their Bibles.’ “If this be a taint which requires expurgation,” says Macaulay, “it would be advisable to begin by expurgating the morning and evening lessons.” But though the editor has not ventured to exchange his author’s language for a more gentle phrase, he has sometimes substituted a dash in its stead. Thus, while any one familiar with the omitted words will easily supply the hiatus, such readers as are happily ignorant of the obnoxious syllables may remain in unmolested innocence.

In his notes, the editor’s aim has been merely to illustrate and help along the author’s meaning, by putting the reader in possession of circumstances well known at the

time, but to-day forgotten or obscured: seeking neither to confute the text, nor to vindicate it. Where a whig is inveighed against, it has seemed proper to present some record of the contemporaneous ideas more or less current respecting him; and it is generally shown that the prejudices against him were not exclusively possessed by tory hearts. In this, the editor insinuates no opinion of his own: but in dealing with an enemy, not only dead, but dead in exile and in defeat, candor prescribes the fullest measure of generous treatment. In point of fact, there is now no probability that the whole record of the revolution will ever be displayed. In America, we have heard but one version of the tale. The heat of the contest and its angry passions are indeed gone, and our opponents might with safety now proclaim their motives and their deeds: but this, it would seem, has become impossible. It is said that the English government once thought of setting forth its own story, and that Robert Southey was selected to prepare it for the public; but that, for one reason or another, the idea was dropped, never probably to be revived. The great change in inter-national feeling since that day has made such a semi-official step no longer advisable: and the

fact that the tories, whose numbers and circumstances would have rendered their testimony indispensable, have died, and made no sign, in itself offers an almost insuperable obstacle.

But after all, for a mere literary curiosity, without pretension to any historical dignity, such as is this volume, no long apology is needed. The interest excited in a limited circle by its preparation has been a sufficient encouragement for its appearance. The delay in its coming forth, and the change of type, are to be regretted. Whether its reception will justify the production of a further compilation is not a matter for the editor to decide. A trifle of this nature has a value so transient and so arbitrary, as to leave it only in his power to apply to it, by way of commendation to the reader, the words of honest Touchstone in the play:

A poor thing, but mine own, Sir.

W. S.

PHILADELPHIA, *November 25th*, 1857.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE AMERICAN TIMES : PART FIRST	1
THE AMERICAN TIMES : PART SECOND	13
THE AMERICAN TIMES : PART THIRD	24
EPIGRAM ON A LATE EXCHANGE	37
THE WORD OF CONGRESS	38
EPIGRAM ON THE BOSTON POOR	55
THE WHIG	56
THANKS UPON THANKS	57
A FAMILIAR EPISTLE FROM AMERICA	58
SKINNER'S WELCOME	61
LIBERTY'S CHOICE; OR, THE RIVAL SUITORS	62
EPIGRAM ON A CONTINENTAL BELL	69
THE CONGRESS	70
TO DAVID RITTENHOUSE	75
ON THE SNAKE AT THE HEAD OF AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS	76
AMERICA	77

	PAGE
EPIGRAM ON HIMSELF, BY GEN. CHARLES LEE	79
THE BRITISH LIGHT-INFANTRY	80
EPIGRAM ON SIR WILLIAM HOWE	81
A MEDLEY FOR THE LIGHT-INFANTRY	82
EPIGRAM ON THE CAPTURE OF GENERAL LEE	85
STANZAS BY AN EXILE FROM AMERICA	86
AN IRREGULAR ODE TO PEACE	91
THE AMERICAN VICAR OF BRAY	94
EXTEMPORE VERSES	98
THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW; A PROPHECY	99
THE SACRIFICE	102
LINES TO THE MEMORY OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MUNGO CAMPBELL	105
VERSES WRITTEN IN CAPTIVITY	107
EPIGRAM ON GENERAL LINCOLN	108
MARY CAY; OR, MISS IN HER TEENS	109
A PRAYER FOR THE CONGRESS	117
A PASTORAL ELEGY	119
THE TENTH REGIMENT'S VOYAGE TO QUEBEC	121
HOT STUFF	125
EPIGRAM ON GEN. CHARLES LEE	127
THE FACTIOUS DEMAGOGUE	129
THE VOLUNTEERS OF IRELAND	132
A PASQUINADE	134
HYMN FOR THE LOYAL AMERICANS	137
ODE FOR THE BIRTHDAY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES	140

CONTENTS.

xi

	PAGE
GENERAL WATERBURY'S FAREWELL	142
WATERBURY'S EPITAPH	144
THE BATTLE OF CANE CREEK	145
ON HOLT'S EMBLEMATICAL TWISTIFICATION	147
NOTES	149
INDEX	205
DISTRIBUTION OF COPIES	215

THE AMERICAN TIMES.

A Satire

IN THREE PARTS.

Facit indignatio versum.—JUVENAL.

BY CAMILLO QUERNO.

CHAPLAIN TO THE CONGRESS.¹

PART I.

WHEN Faction, pois'nous as the scorpion's sting,
Infects the people and insults the King;
When foul Sedition skulks no more conceal'd,
But grasps the sword and rushes to the field;
When Justice, Law, and Truth are in disgrace,
And Treason, Fraud, and Murder fill their place;
Smarting beneath accumulated woes,
Shall we not dare the tyrants to expose?
We will, we must—tho' mighty Laurens frown,
Or Hancock with his rabble hunt us down;²
Champions of virtue, we'll alike disdain

The guards of Washington, the lies of Payne;
And greatly bear, without one anxious throb,
The wrath of Congress, or its lords the mob.
Bad are the Times, almost too bad to paint;
The whole head sickens, the whole heart is faint;
The State is rotten, rotten to the core,
'Tis all one bruize, one putrefying sore.
Here Anarchy before the gaping crowd
Proclaims the people's majesty aloud;
There Folly runs with eagerness about,
And prompts the cheated populace to shout;
Here paper-dollars meagre Famine holds,
There votes of Congress Tyranny unfolds;
With doctrines strange in matter and in dress,
Here sounds the pulpit, and there groans the press;
Confusion blows her trump—and far and wide
The noise is heard—the plough is thrown aside;
The awl, the needle, and the shuttle drops;
Tools change to swords, and camps succeed to shops;
The doctor's glister-pipe, the lawyer's quill,
Transform'd to guns, retain the power to kill;
From garrets, cellars, rushing thro' the street,
The new-born statesmen in committee meet;
Legions of senators infest the land,
And mushroom generals thick as mushrooms stand.^s

Ye western climes, where youthful plenty smil'd,
Ye plains just rescued from the dreary wild,
Ye cities just emerging into fame,
Ye minds new ting'd with learning's sacred flame,
Ye people wondering at your swift increase,
Sons of united liberty and peace,
How are your glories in a moment fled?
See, Pity weeps, and Honour hangs his head.

O! for some magic voice, some pow'rful spell,
To call the Furies from profoundest hell;
Arise, ye Fiends, from dark Cocytus' brink;
Soot all my paper; sulphurize my ink;
So with my theme the colours shall agree,
Brimstone and black, the livery of Lee.*

They come, they come!—convulsive heaves the ground,
Earth opens—Lo! they pour, they swarm around;
About me throng unnumber'd hideous shapes,
Infernal wolves, and bears, and hounds, and apes;
All Pandemonium stands reveal'd to sight;
Good monsters, give me leave, and let me write:
They will be notic'd—Memory, set them down,
Tho' reason stand aghast, and order frown.

Whence and what art thou, execrable form,
Rough as a bear, and roaring as a storm?
Ay, now I know thee—Livingston art thou—
Gall in thy heart, and malice on thy brow;⁵
Coward, yet cruel—zealous, yet profane;
Havoc, and spoil, and ruin are thy gain;
Go, glut like Death thy vast unhide-bound maw,
Remorseless swallow liberty and law;
At one enormous stroke a nation slay,
But thou thyself shall perish with thy prey.

What Fiend is this of countenance acute,⁶
More of the knave who seems, and less of brute;
Whose words are cutting like a show'r of hail,
And blasting as the mildew in the vale?
'Tis Jay—to him these characters belong:
Sure sense of right, with fix'd pursuit of wrong;
An outside keen, where malice makes abode,
Voice of a lark, and venom of a toad;
Semblance of worth, not substance, he puts on;
And Satan owns him for his darling son.

Flit not around me thus, pernicious elf,
Whose love of country terminates in self;
Back to the gloomy shades, detested sprite,

Mangler of rhet'ric, enemy of right;
Curs'd of thy father; sum of all that's base;
Thy sight is odious, and thy name is Chase.⁷

What spectre's that with eyes on earth intent,
Whose god is gold, whose glory cent. per cent.;
Whose soul, devoted to the love of gain,
Revolts from feelings noble or humane?
Let friends, let family, let country groan,
Despairing widows shriek, and orphans moan;
Turn'd to the centre, where his riches grow,
His eye regards not spectacles of woe;
Morris, look up—for so thy name we spell—
On earth, Bob Morris^s—Mammon 'tis in hell.
Wretch, who hast meanly sold thy native land,
Tremble, thou wretch, for vengeance is at hand;
Soon shall thy treasures fly on eagle's wings,
And Conscience goad thee with her thousand stings.

Of head erect, and self-sufficient mien,
Another Morris presses to be seen;
Demons of vanity, you know him sure;
This is your pupil, this is Gouverneur;
Some little knowledge, and some little sense,
More affectation far, and more pretence;

Such is the man—his tongue he never balks,
On all things talkable he boldly talks;
A specious orator, of law he prates;
A pompous nothing, mingles in debates;
Consummate impudence, sheer brass of soul,
Crowns every sentence, and completes the whole;
In other times unnotic'd he might drop:
Confusion makes a statesman of a fop.⁹

Hail, Faction, wayward queen, whose charms retain
Such opposites—the sordid, and the vain:
Who jar in all things else, in thee unite;
Robert the greedy, Gouverneur the light;
And if another contrast we display,
Still both are thine, the serious and the gay.
There is a man, all spirit, life, and ease,
Whose native humour never fails to please;
There is a man devout, reserv'd, austere,
Whose grave demeanor other men revere;
These, whom their various turns forbad to meet,
Have met in Congress in communion sweet;
There, mirth put off, and gravity resign'd,
The two sworn brothers stand in treason join'd;
Iō triumphe, sing the dev'lish fiends,
Discordant natures whose seduction blends.

But still the question agitates mankind,
Could Duer be over-reach'd, Duane be blind?¹⁰
Thy sprightly genius, Duer, couldst't thou controul,
The flow of wit, the sallies of the soul,
Abandon every muse, and every grace,
For eminence among a savage race?
Couldst't thou, Duane, give up thy favourite church,
And leave religion weeping in the lurch,
Bid truth and decent piety adieu,
For dire promotion o'er a godless crew?
In Jotham's famous apologue we read,
Not so the fruit-trees wiser far decreed;¹¹
Shall we, said they, our wine and oil desert,
Which decorate the face, and cheer the heart,
Quit peace and plenty, elegance and ease,
To reign scrub monarchs over barbarous trees?
'Twere strange—but stranger, Honour to resign,
And govern, legion-like, the herd of swine.

What group of Wizards next salutes my eyes,
United comrades, quadruple allies?
Bostonian Cooper, with his Hancock join'd,
Adams with Adams, one in heart and mind.¹²
Sprung from the soil, where witches swarm'd of yore,
They come well skill'd in necromantic lore;

Intent on mischief, busily they toil,
The magic cauldron to prepare and boil;
Array'd in sable vests, and caps of fur,
With wands of ebony the mess they stir;
See! the smoke rises from the cursed drench,
And poisons all the air with horrid stench.

Celestial muse, I fear 'twill make thee hot
To count the vile ingredients of the pot:
Dire incantations, words of death, they mix
With noxious plants, and Water from the Styx;
Treason's rank flow'rs, Ambition's swelling fruits,
Hypocrisy in seeds, and Fraud in roots,
Bundles of Lies fresh gather'd in their prime,
And stalks of Calumny grown stale with time;
Handfuls of Zeal's intoxicating leaves;
Riot in bunches, Cruelty in sheaves;
Slices of Cunning cut exceeding thin;
Kernels of Malice, rotten cores of Sin;
Branches of Persecution, boughs of Thrall,
And sprigs of Superstition, dipt in gall;
Opium to lull or madden all the throng,
And assa-fœtida profusely strong;
Milk from Tisiphone's infernal breast;
Herbs of all venom, drugs of every pest,

With minerals from the centre brought by Gnomes;
All seethe together till the furnace foams.

Was this the potion, this the draught design'd
To cheat the croud, and fascinate mankind?
O void of reason they, who thus were caught;
O lost to virtue, who so cheap were bought;
O folly, which all folly sure transcends,
Such bungling sorc'ers to account as friends.

Yet tho' the frantic populace applaud,
'Tis Satire's part to stigmatize the fraud.
Exult, ye jugglers, in your lucky tricks;
Yet on your fame the lasting brand we'll fix.
Cheat male and female, poison age and youth;
Still we'll pursue you with the goad of truth.
Whilst in mid-heav'n shines forth the golden flame,
Hancock and Adams shall be words of shame;
Whilst silver beams the face of night adorn,
Cooper of Boston shall be held in scorn.

Strike up, hell's music! roar, infernal drums!
Discharge the cannon—Lo! the warrior comes!
He comes, not tame as on Ohio's banks,
But rampant at the head of ragged ranks.

Hunger and itch are with him—Gates and Wayne—¹³
And all the lice of Egypt in his train.
Sure these are Falstaff's soldiers, poor and bare;
Or else the rotten regiments of Rag-fair:¹⁴
Bid the French generals to their Chief advance,
And grace his suite—O shame! they're fled to France.¹⁵
Wilt thou, great chief of Freedom's lawless sons,
Great captain of the western Goths and Huns,
Wilt thou for once permit a private man
To parley with thee, and thy conduct scan?
At Reason's bar has Catiline been heard:
At Reason's bar e'en Cromwell has appear'd:
Successless, or successful, all must stand
At her tribunal with uplifted hand.¹⁶
Severe, but just, the case she fairly states;
And fame or infamy her sentence waits.

Hear thy indictment, Washington, at large;
Attend and listen to the solemn charge:
Thou hast supported an atrocious cause
Against thy King, thy Country, and the laws;
Committed perjury, encourag'd lies,
Forced conscience, broken the most sacred ties;
Myriads of wives and fathers at thy hand
Their slaughter'd husbands, slaughter'd sons demand;

That pastures hear no more the lowing kine,—
That towns are desolate, all—all is thine;
The frequent sacrilege that pain'd my sight :¹⁷
The blasphemies my pen abhors to write ;
Innumerable crimes on thee must fall—
For thou maintainest, thou defendest all.

Wilt thou pretend that Britain is in fault ?
In Reason's court a falsehood goes for nought.
Will it avail, with subterfuge refin'd
To say, such deeds are foreign to thy mind ?
Wilt thou assert that, generous and humane,
Thy nature suffers at another's pain ?
He who a band of ruffians keeps to kill,
Is he not guilty of the blood they spill ?
Who guards M'Kean, and Joseph Reed the vile,
Held he not murder Roberts and Carlisle ?¹⁸
So, who protects committees in the chair,
In all their shocking cruelties must share.

What could, when half-way up the hill to fame,
Induce thee to go back, and link with shame ?
Was it ambition, vanity, or spite,
That prompted thee with Congress to unite ;
Or did all three within thy bosom roll,

“Thou heart of hero with a traitor’s soul?”
Go, wretched author of thy country’s grief,
Patron of villainy, of villains chief;
Seek with thy cursed crew the central gloom,
Ere Truth’s avenging sword begin thy doom;
Or sudden vengeance of celestial dart
Precipitate thee with augmented smart.

O Poet, seated on the lofty throne,
Forgive the bard who makes thy words his own;
Surpriz’d I trace in thy prophetic page
The crimes, the follies of the present age;
Thy scenery, sayings, admirable man,
Pourtray our struggles with the dark Divan.
What Michael to the first arch-rebel said,
Would well rebuke the rebel army’s head;
What Satan to th’ angelic Prince replied,
Such are the words of Continental pride.
I swear by Him, who rules the earth and sky,
The dread event shall equally apply;
That Clinton’s warfare is the war of God,
And Washington shall feel the vengeful rod.

THE AMERICAN TIMES.

PART II.

WHY has thou soar'd so high, ambitious muse?
Descend in prudence, and contract thy views;
Not always generals offer to our aim;
By turns we must advert to meaner game.

Yet hard to rescue from oblivion's grasp,
The worthless beetle, and the noxious asp;
And full as hard to save for after-times
The names of men known only for their crimes.
Left to themselves they soon would be forgot;
But yet 'tis right that rogues should hang and rot.

Still, as we own, and as old saws relate,
Not always thrives the verse that haunts the great:
Of rulers in America, I deem,
Swift is the change, and slight is the esteem;
When Houston from Savannah fled of late,
Did any ask who took his chair of state?¹⁹
Let Henry quit, and Jefferson succeed;²⁰

Let Wharton's place (who cares?) be fill'd by Reed;²¹
Who matters what of Stirling may become,
The quintessence of whisky, soul of rum?²²
Fractious at nine, quite gay at twelve o'clock;
From thence till bed-time stupid as a stock:
These are sad samples—but we'll cull our store;
Can liberality herself do more?

Turn out, black monsters—let us take our choice;
What dev'lish figure's this, with dev'lish voice?
Oh! 'tis Pulaski—'tis a foreign chief;
On him we'll comment—be our comment brief:
What are his merits, judges may dispute;
We'll solve the doubt, and praise him for a brute.
No quarter, is his motto—sweet and short:
Good Britons, give him a severe retort.
As yet he 'scapes the shot deserv'd so well;
His nobler horse in Carolina fell;
He fears not in the field where heroes bleed,
He starts at nothing but a gen'rous deed.

Escap'd from Poland, where his murd'rous knife,
'Tis said, was rais'd against his sov'reign's life;
Perhaps he scoffs with fashionable mirth
The notion of a God, who rules the earth:

Fool, not to see that something more than lot,
Conducts the traitor to this destin'd spot;
Rank with congenial crimes, that call for blood;
Where justice soon must pour the purple flood;
A parricide, with parricides to-die,
And vindicate the pow'r that reigns on high.²³

Who is that phantom, silent, pale, and slow,
That looks the picture of dejected woe?
Art thou not Wilson?—ha! dost thou lament
Thy poison'd principles, thy days mis-spent?
Was it thy fatal faith that led thee wrong?
Yet had'st thou reason, and that reason strong:
Judgment was thine, and in no common share;
That judgment cultur'd with assiduous care:
But all was fruitless; popular applause
Seduc'd thee to embrace an impious cause.²⁴
Now, or my mind deceives me, thou wouldst fain
Thy former duty, former truth regain:
Like some rash boy, whom strong desire to lave
Too daring, tempts to trust the briny wave;
But soon borne out to distance from the strand,
He longs with ardour to retrieve the land:
In vain—the waves his weak endeavours spurn,
And rapid tides forbid him to return.

Room for a spectre of portentous show ;
Make room for triple-headed Roberdeau!²⁵
Churchman, dissenter, methodist appear ;
Chairman, and congress-man, and brigadier ;
Cerberean barker at the Stygian ford,
Where is thy bible, say, and where thy sword ?
Thy bible—that long since was wisely lost,
Because its maxims with thy practice cross'd ;
Well, but thy weapon—was it lost in fight ?
Hush, I remember—'twas to aid thy flight.
Of brass, lead, leather, treble is thy shield ;
And treble tremblings seize thee in the field ;
Treble in office and in faith thou art,
And nothing double in thee, but thy heart.

Ye priests of Baal, from hot Tartarean stoves,
Approach with all the prophets of the groves.
Mess-mates of Jezebel's luxurious mess,
Come in the splendor of pontific dress ;
Haste to receive your chief in solemn state ;
Haste to attend on Witherspoon the great.²⁶
Ye lying spirits too, who brisk and bold
Appear'd before the throne divine of old,
For form, not use, augment his rev'rend train ;
The sire of lies resides within his brain.

Scotland confess'd him sensible and shrewd,
Austere and rigid; many thought him good.
But turbulence of temper spoil'd the whole,
And show'd the movements of his inmost soul.
Disclos'd machinery loses of its force:
He felt the fact, and westward bent his course.

Princeton receiv'd him, bright amidst his flaws,
And saw him labour in the good old cause;
Saw him promote the meritorious work,
The hate of Kings, and glory of the Kirk.

Excuse, each reverend Caledonian seer,
Whose worth I own, whose learning I revere;
Your duty to the Prince who fills the throne,
Your liberal sentiments are fully known:
Here in these lands start up a spurious brood,
And boast themselves allied to you in blood;
Think it not hard their faults if I condemn;
'Tis not with you I combat, but with them.²⁷

Return we to the hero of our song:
Who now but he the darling of the throng;
Known in the pulpit by seditious toils;
Grown into consequence by civil broils;

Three times he tried, and miserably fail'd
To upset the laws—the fourth prevail'd.
Whether as tool he acted, or as guide,
Is yet a doubt; his conscience must decide.
Meanwhile unhappy Jersey mourns her thrall,
Ordain'd by vilest of the vile to fall;
To fall by Witherspoon—O name, the curse
Of sound religion, and disgrace of verse.

Member of Congress we must hail him next:
Come out of Babylon, was now his text.
Fierce as the fiercest, foremost of the first,
He'd rail at Kings, with venom well-nigh burst:
Not uniformly grand—for some bye end
To dirtiest acts of treason he'd descend.
I've known him seek the dungeon dark as night,
Imprison'd Tories to convert or fright;
Whilst to myself I've humm'd, in dismal tune,
I'd rather be a dog than Witherspoon.
Be patient, reader—for the issue trust,
His day will come—remember, Heav'n is just.

Yes, Heav'n is just—what then can they expect,
Who, not impell'd by violence of sect—
Bred up in doctrines eminently pure,

Which loyalty instill, and peace ensure—
Yet idolize Rebellion's bleating calves,
Or meanly split their principles in halves.
Half priest, half presbyter, I mourn thee, White!²⁸
Half whig, half tory, Smith, canst thou be right?²⁹
O fools, to worship in forbidden ground,
O worse than rebels, who your mother wound!

What uproar now—what hideous monsters rush,
Whose recreant looks put honour to the blush?
Mixtures of pallid fear, and bloody rage,
Like Banquo's ghost tremendous on the stage;
These are from Georgia, from the southern sun;
Swift as Achilles, not to fight, but run;
Their hides all reeking from the British lash—
Queer gen'ral—Moultrie, Lincoln, Elbert, Ash.³⁰

Bring up yon wretched solitary pair,³¹
Mark'd with pride, malice, envy, rage, despair.
Why are you banish'd from your comrades, tell?
Will none endure your company in hell?
That all the fiends avoid your sight is plain,
Infamous Reed, more infamous M'Kean.
Is this the order of your rank agreed;
Or is it base M'Kean, and baser Reed?

Go, shunn'd of men, disown'd of devils, go,
And traverse desolate the realms of woe.

Ye pow'rs, what noise, what execrable yell!
How now, Dick Peters,³² hast thou emptied hell?
Legions and shoals of all prodigious forms,
Loud as the rattling of a thousand storms,
Gorgons in look, and Caffres in address,
Dutch, Yankies, Yellow-wigs³³ for audience press.

Wretches, whose acts the very French abhor;
Commissioners of loans, and boards of war,
Marine committees, commissaries, scribes,
Assemblies, councils, senatorial tribes,
Vain of their titles all attention claim;
Proud of dishonour, glorying in their shame.
Ask you the names of these egregious wights?
I could as soon recount Glendower's sprites.
Thick as musquitos, venomously keen;
Thicker than locusts, spoilers of the green;
Swarming like maggots, who the carcass scour
Of some poor ox, and as they crawl, devour;
They'd mock the labour of a hundred pens:
"Back, owly-headed monsters, to your dens."

At length they're silenc'd—Laurens, thou draw near;
What I shall utter, thou attentive hear:
I loathe all conference with thy boist'rous clan;
But now with thee I'll argue as a man.³⁴

What could incite thee, Laurens, to rebel?
Thy soul thou wouldst not for a trifle sell.
'Twas not of pow'r the wild, insatiate lust;
Mistaken as thou art, I deem thee just.
Saw'st thou thy King tyrannically rule?
Thou couldst not think it—thou art not a fool.
Thou wast no bankrupt, no enthusiast thou;
The clearness of thy fame e'en foes allow:
For months I watch'd thee with a jealous eye,
Yet could no turpitude of mind espy:
In private life I hold thee far from base;
Thy public conduct wears another face.
In thee a stern republican I view;
This of thy actions is the only clew.
Admit thy principles—I then demand,
Could these give right to desolate a land?
Could it be right, with arbitrary will
To fine, imprison, plunder, torture, kill!
Impose new oaths, make stubborn conscience yield,
And force out thousands to the bloody field?

Could it be right to do these monstrous things,
Because thy nature was averse to Kings?

Well, but a stern republican thou art ;
Heav'n send thee soon to meet with thy desert !
Thee, Laurens, foe to monarchy we call,
And thou, or legal government, must fall.
Who wept for Cato, was not Cato's friend ;
Who pitied Brutus, Brutus would offend ;
So, Laurens, to conclude my grave harangue,
I would not pity tho' I saw thee hang.

Bless me ! what formidable figure's this,
That interrupts my words with saucy hiss ?
She seems at least a woman by her face,
With harlot smiles adorn'd and winning grace :
A glittering gorget on her breast she wears ;
The shining silver two inscriptions bears ;
Servant of Servants, in a laurel wreath,
But *Lord of Lords* is written underneath.
A flowing robe, that reaches to her heels,
From sight the foulness of her shape conceals,
She holds with poison'd darts a quiver stor'd
Circean potions, and a flaming sword.
This is Democracy—the case is plain ;

She comes attended by a motley train :
Addresses to the people some unfold ;
Rods, scourges, fetters, axes, others hold ;
The sorceress waves her magic wand about,
And models at her will the rabble rout ;
Here Violence puts on a close disguise
And Public Spirit's character belies.
The dress of Policy see Cunning steal,
And Persecution wear the coat of Zeal ;
Hypocrisy Religion's garb assume,
Fraud Virtue strip, and figure in her room ;
With other changes tedious to relate
All emblematic of our present state.³⁵

She calls the nations—Lo ! in crowds they sup
Intoxication from her golden cup.
Joy to my heart, and pleasure to my eye,
A chosen phalanx her attempts defy :
In rage she rises and her arrows throws ;
O all ye saints and angels interpose !
Amazement ! every shaft is spent in vain ;
The sons of Truth inviolate remain.
Invulnerable champions, sacred band,
Behind the shield of Loyalty they stand ;

Unhurt, unsullied they maintain their ground,
And all the host of heav'n their praises sound.

Yet too, too many feel her baneful spell ;
Bleed by her shafts, or by her venom swell.
The cruel plague assaults each vital part ;
Arise, some sage of Esculapian art !
Thee, Inglis, wise physician, thee I urge ;³⁸
Direct the diet thou, prepare the purge.
Thou to the bottom probe the dangerous sore,
And in the wound the friendly balsam pour.
Enough for me the caustic to apply,
Twinge the proud flesh, and draw the face awry :
Thou, cure the parts which I have fore'd to feel ;
I make the patient smart, but thou canst heal.

THE AMERICAN TIMES.

PART III.

WHEN the wise ruler of Glubdubdrib's isle
Had entertain'd Sir Gulliver awhile,
With various spectacles of ancient days,
Kings crown'd with gold, and poets deck'd with bays ;

Sages with pupils, tyrants with their slaves,
Heroes and traitors, senators and knaves;
When each instructive lesson was express'd,
And the rich banquet had suffic'd the guest:
Then wav'd the great controuler of the dead
His magic ensign, and the vision fled.

Have we less pow'r o'er that infernal crew
Which lately pass'd before us in review?
Our invocation summon'd up the pack:
Our potent word can send them headlong back.
Ye coxcomb Congressmen, declaimers keen,
Brisk puppets of the Philadelphia scene;
Ye numerous chiefs, who can or cannot fight;
Ye curious scribes, who can or cannot write;
Ye lawyers who, for law, confusion teach;
Ye preachers who, for gospel, discord preach;
Statesmen, who rule as none e'er ruled before,—
Mark, I dismiss you to the Stygian shore:
Away, fantastic, visionary throng!
Come, sober Reason, and direct the song.

But what can Reason in a world like this?
For one that plauds her, millions hate and hiss.
She shines, 'tis true, with ever blooming charms;

Peace in her look, and pleasure in her arms;
But not a guinea has she to bestow,
And men avoid her as a mortal foe.
Who without wealth would take her for a bride?
James Smith from childhood has her pow'r defied;³⁷
Hartley³⁸ and Dickinson,³⁹ as best may suit,
With, or without her, by the hour dispute;
'Tis said that once, on Burgoyne's strange affair,
She spake her mind, and made the Congress stare:
Perhaps with Laurens, (did not Laurens sell
His virtue for a name), she'd love to dwell.

Amidst the war of words, the roar of lungs;
The barbarous outcry of confederate tongues,
Seditious, busy, turbulent, and bold;
Votes to be bought, opinions to be sold,
What chance has Reason?—her soft voice in vain
May plead, lament, expostulate, complain;
With heav'n-born eloquence should angels speak,
Against the crisis Heav'n itself were weak:
Howl, all ye fiends, and all ye devils, bawl!
Will. Henry Drayton⁴⁰ shall outdo you all.

When civil madness first from man to man
In these devoted climes like wildfire ran;

There were who gave the moderating hint,
In conversation some, and some in print:
Wisely they spake, and what was their reward?
The tar, the rail, the prison, and the cord.

Ev'n now there are, who bright in Reason's dress
Watch the polluted Continental press:
Confront the lies that Congress sends abroad;
Expose the sophistry, detect the fraud.
Truth's genuine maxims forcibly display:
Chandler and Coxe are proofs of what I say.⁴¹

But knights of old, who wander'd thro' the world,
And fell destruction on enchanters hurl'd;
Slew fiery dragons, giants overcame,
And sav'd from ruin many a peerless dame;
Play'd not so deep, so desperate a stake,
As he who draws the pen for Virtue's sake.

For once the monster slain, the spell was broke;
And joy succeeded to the daring stroke:
The ladies bless'd their lovers with their charms,
And the knight rested from his feats of arms.

But error may not with such ease be quell'd;

She rallies fresh her force tho' oft repell'd.
Cut, hack'd, and mangled, she denies to yield,
And strait returns with vigour to the field:
Champions of truth, our efforts are in vain;
Fast as we slay, the foe revives again.
Vainly th' enchanted castle we surprize;
New monsters hiss, and new enchantments rise.
Was Samuel Adams to become a ghost,
Another Adams would assume his post:⁴³
Was bustling Hancock number'd with the dead,
Another full as wise might raise his head:
What if the sands of Laurens now were run,
How should we miss him—has he not a son?
Or what if Washington should close his scene,
Could none succeed him?—Is there not a Green?
Knave after knave as easy we could join,
As new emissions of the paper coin.
When it became the high United States
To send their envoys to Versailles' proud gates,
Were not three ministers produc'd at once?
Delicious group—fanatic, deist, dunce.
And what if Lee, and what if Silas fell,⁴³
Or what if Franklin should go down to hell;⁴⁴
Why should we grieve? the land, 'tis understood,
Can furnish hundreds equally as good.

When like a hill convuls'd, whose womb has nurs'd
Internal fires, the constitution burst;⁴⁵
What strange varieties we daily saw—
What prodigies of policy and law!
See in committees Ignorance preside;
Conventions met, and Folly was their guide;
Plan follow'd plan, first, second, and the third,
More barb'rous who can say, or more absurd.
With full consent, poor Reason was dethron'd;
The mad-man govern'd, and the wise man groan'd.
But why blot paper with these idle schemes?
Or why enum'rate undigested dreams?

Expose an opal to the solar ray,
And mark the beams that momentary play:
See the gay stone, in mimic robes array'd,
Glow in the red or in the purple fade;
In swift progression vary to the sight,
And run thro' all the different modes of light.
Go then, and count the colours as they rise;
Tell, if thou canst, the numbers of the dyes;
Each combination of the fluid mass;
Nor let the shifting of a sun-beam pass.
This once accomplish'd, thy sagacious pen
May note the phrenzies of impatient men,

The bands of faith and loyalty who break,
And roam the fields of popular mistake.
Truce with these flow'rs—the Times are out of joint;
Hence trifling—come we closer to the point:
Some muse attendant on th' eternal King,
Truth's radiant mirror for my guidance bring.
I ask not now the thunder and the fire;
The still small voice is all that I desire.

Stand forth, Taxation—kindler of the flame;
Inexplicable question, doubtful claim:
Suppose the right in Britain to be clear;
Britain was mad to exercise it here.
Call it unjust, or, if you please, unwise;
The Colonists were mad in arms to rise:
Impolitic, and open to abuse,
How could it answer—what could it produce?
No need for furious demagogues to chafe;
America was jealous, and was safe.
Secure she stood in national alarms,
And Madness only would have flown to arms.
Arms could not help the tribute, nor confound:
Self-slain it must have tumbled to the ground.
Impossible the scheme should e'er succeed,
Why lift the spear against a brittle reed?

But arm they would, ridiculously brave;
Good laughter, spare me; I would fain be grave:
So arm they did—the knave led on the fool;
Good anger, spare me; I would fain be cool:
Mixtures were seen amazing in their kind;
Extravagance with cruelty was joined.
The presbyterian with the convict march'd;
The meeting-house was thinn'd, the gaol was search'd:
Servants were seiz'd, apprentices enroll'd;
Youth guarded not the boy, nor age the old:
Tag, rag, and bobtail issued on the foe,
Marshal'd by generals—Ewin,⁴⁶ Roberdeau.

This was not Reason—this was wildest rage,
To make the land one military stage:
The strange resolve, obtain'd the Lord knows how,
Which forc'd the farmer to forsake the plough;
Bade tradesmen mighty warriors to become,
And lawyers quit the parchment for the drum;
To fight they knew not why, they knew not what;
Was surely Madness—Reason it was not.

Next independence came, that German charm,⁴⁷
Of pow'r to save from violence and harm;
That curious olio, vile compounded dish,

Like salmagundy, neither flesh nor fish ;
That brazen serpent, rais'd on Freedom's pole,
To render all who look upon it whole ;
That half-dressed idol of the western shore,
All rags behind, all elegance before ;
That conj'rer, which conveys away your gold,
And gives you paper in its stead to hold.

Heav'ns ! how my breast has swell'd with painful throb
To view the phrenzy of the cheated mob :
True sons of liberty in flattering thought ;
But real slaves to basest bondage brought :
Frantic as Bacchanals in ancient times,
They rush'd to perpetrate the worst of crimes ;
Chas'd peace, chas'd order from each bless'd abode ;
While Reason stood abash'd, and Folly crow'd.
Now, now erect the rich triumphal gate ;
The French alliance comes in solemn state :
Hail to the master-piece of madness, hail ;
The head of glory with a serpent's tail !
This seals, America, thy wretched doom :
Here, Liberty, survey thy destin'd tomb :
Behold, the temple of tyrannic sway
Is now complete—ye deep-ton'd organs, play ;

Proclaim thro' all the land that Louis rules—
Worship your saint, ye giddy-headed fools.

Illustrious guardians of the laurel hill,
Excuse this warmth, these sallies of the quill :
I would be temperate, but severe disdain
Calls for the lash whene'er I check the rein :
I would be patient, but the teasing smart
Of insects makes the fiery courser start.
I wish'd for Reason in her calmest mood,
In vain—the cruel subject fires my blood.
When thro' the land the dogs of havock roar,
And the torn country bleeds in every pore,
'Tis hard to keep the sober line of thought :
The brain turns round with such ideas fraught.
Rage makes a weapon blunt as mine to pierce,
And indignation gathers in the verse.

More yet remains, of sense and honour stain'd ;
Conventions broken, flags of truce detain'd :
A thousand foolish freaks my wrath provoke ;
A thousand culprits ought to feel my stroke.
To treat of villains were exceeding hard,
And not to mention once thy name, Gerard.⁴³

But 'twere the work of Hercules to sweep
From the rank stable this enormous heap.

Such are the times—Cease, useless Satire, cease!
Each moment dire barbarities increase.
Ev'n while I write, a monster fierce and huge
Has fix'd his station in the land of Googe;
Virginian caitiff! Jefferson by name;⁴⁹
Perhaps from Jefferies sprung of rotten fame.
His savage letter all belief exceeds,
And Congress glories in his brutal deeds.
In the dark dungeon Hamilton is thrown:⁵⁰
The virtuous hero there disdains to groan:
There with his brave companions, faithful friends,
Th' approaching hour in silence he attends,
When, with his council, shall the wretch expire
Or by the British, or celestial fire!

O! may that hour be soon! for pity's sake,
Genius of Britain, from thy slumber wake,
Too long has Mercy spoke, but spoke in vain:
Let Justice now in awful terror reign.

Am I deceiv'd, or see I in the east
Tenfold the radiance of the day increas'd?

Britannia's guardian angel greets my eye,
In all th' unclouded lustre of the sky.
See his right hand a two edg'd weapon wield :
The double cross shines brilliant on his shield ;
Hear him, ye just, and in his words rejoice :
Ye hearts of rancour, tremble at his voice.

' Yet, yet a little, and the door of grace
' Must close for ever on an impious race :
' The sun that visits these unhappy climes,
' Is weary to behold incessant crimes :
' Angels, appointed from the Throne divine
' To guard the land, their hopeless charge resign :
' No more their gentle pleadings interpose ;
' Yet, yet a little, and the door shall close.

' Ungrateful country, by my arms secur'd !
' In thy behalf what have I not endur'd ?
' When from my grasp the sceptre thou wouldst rend—
' From me, thy patron, thy protecting friend—
' Did I not check my thunder in mid-air ;
' Far less inclin'd to punish than to spare ?
' Have I not labour'd ceaseless to reclaim
' Thy frantic sons from misery and shame ?
' With bounty carried to excess I strove

‘Thy doubts, however causeless, to remove :
‘As speaks a father to his only child,
‘Amidst repeated provocations mild ;
‘So have I wish’d thy errors to forgive,
‘And bid thee turn from wickedness, and live.

‘For this thy malice, swelling like a flood,
‘Has overpass’d all bounds, and foam’d with blood.
‘Outrage has follow’d outrage, shocking sight !
‘And streets have echoed, pulpits teem’d with spite.
‘The raving calumny, the dirty lie,
‘Treach’rous escape, assassination sly ;
‘All monstrous crimes, which fiends themselves reject,
‘Within thy walls claim’d honour and respect.
‘Whatever honest, peaceable, or pure,
‘Dwelt in thy reach, to feel thy hate was sure :
‘The virtuous man was odious to the cause,
‘And he who sinn’d the most, gain’d most applause.
‘At length the day of Vengeance is at hand :
‘Th’ exterminating Angel takes his stand :
‘Hear the last summons, rebels, and relent :
‘Yet but a moment is there to repent.
‘Lo ! the great Searcher ready at the door,
‘Who means decisively to purge his floor :
‘Ycs, the wise Sifter now prepares the fan

'To separate the meal from useless bran.
 'Down to the centre from his burning ire
 'Ye foes of goodness and of truth, retire :
 'And ye, who now lie humbled in the dust,
 'Shall raise your heads, ye loyal and ye just ;
 'Th' approving sentence of your Sov'reign gain,
 'And shine refulgent as the starry train.
 'Then, when eternal justice is appeas'd ;
 'When with due vengeance heav'n and earth are pleas'd ;
 'America, from dire pollution clear'd,
 'Shall flourish yet again, belov'd, rever'd :
 'In duty's lap her growing sons be nurs'd,
 'And her last days be happier than her first.'

 EPIGRAM.

["The following verses," says Rivington's Gazette, Oct. 4, 1780,
 "were written on a late exchange of prisoners."]

A Refugee Captain lost two of his Men ;
 And ardently wishing to have them again,
 To the Major applied, on an Exchange to fix,
 And requested to know if for two he'd take six ?
 Major Adams agreed, nor said a word more,
 And Paddy was order'd to fetch them ashore ;
 Who cried out in surprise ; 'By Ja—s, my Honey,
 Our Men now *depreciate* as fast as our *Money*.'

THE WORD OF CONGRESS.

Tartaream intendit vocem.—VIRGIL.

[By the REV. JONATHAN ODELL. From Rivington's Royal Gazette, Sept. 18, 1779; collated with a MS. version given to Mr. Fisher by Rev. Dr. Abercrombie.]

THE Word of Congress, like a round of beef,
To hungry Satire gives a sure relief:
No trifling tid-bits to delude the pen;
But solid victuals, cut and come again.
Whitfield, 'tis said, this simile was thine:⁵¹
Unapt for thy discourse, it suits with mine.
O P——n, I should think it joy supreme
To win thy kind attention to my theme:
To cheer thy heart, with native humour fraught,
And steal thee from the painful task of thought.
Oft has thy lib'ral, thy capacious mind
Griev'd for the wicked, sorrow'd for the blind;
Deplor'd past errors, present ills bemoan'd,
And anxious for the future deeply groan'd.
Were it not best to quit these gloomy views,

And join the sportful sallies of the Muse?
Smile at those evils we must both endure,
And laugh at follies which we cannot cure?
Come, friend, and let us mock, till mirth be stirr'd
In every vein, the many colour'd Word.

Oh! 'tis a Word of pow'r, of prime account:
I've seen it like the daring Osprey mount;
I've seen it like a dirty reptile creep,
Rush into flame, or plunge into the deep;
I've heard it like a hungry lion roar,
Who tears the prey, and bathes himself in gore;
I've seen it softer than the vernal rain,
Mildly descending on the grassy plain—
I've heard it pious, as a saint in pray'r—
I've heard it like an angry trooper swear—
I've known it suit itself to ev'ry plan—
I've known it lie to God, and lie to Man.

Have you not read the marvellous escapes
Of Proteus shifting to a thousand shapes?
Have you not seen the wonders of the stage,
When Pantomime delights a trifling age?
Such and more various, such and more absurd,
Charles Thomson, witness of the changeful Word.⁵²

He'll sign to anything, no matter what :—
At truth alone his pen would make a blot.

There dwelt in Norriton's sequester'd bow'rs,
A mortal bless'd with mathematic pow'rs.
To whom was David Rittenhouse unknown?
Fair Science saw, and mark'd him for her own.
His eye Creation to its bounds would trace—
His mind, the regions of unbounded Space.
Whilst thus he soar'd above the starry spheres,
The Word of Congress sounded in his ears :
He listen'd to the voice with strange delight,
And swift descended from his dazzling height ;
Then, mixing eager with seditious tools,
Vice-President elect of rogues and fools,
His hopes resign'd of philosophic fame—
A paltry statesman Rittenhouse became.

A Saint of old, as learned monks have said,
Preach'd to the Fish—the Fish his voice obey'd.
The same good man conven'd the grunting herd,
Who bow'd obedient to his pow'rful word :
Such energy had truth, in days of yore ;
Falsehood and nonsense, in our days, have more.
Duffield avows them to be all in all,

And mounts, or quits the Pulpit, at their call.
In vain New Light displays her heav'nly shine;
In vain attract him Oracles divine;
Chaplain of Congress give him to become,
Light may be dark and Oracles be dumb.
It pleas'd Saint Anthony to preach to brutes;
To preach to Devils best with Duffield suits.⁵³

Tim Matlack once had credit and esteem:
His follies made them vanish as a dream.
By all his former friends abandon'd quite,
Game-cocks and Negroes were his sole delight.
Vagrant and poor, his reputation slurr'd,
He hasten'd to obey the factious Word.
Who now so active in the Cause as Tim?
Tho' death to honour, it was life to him.
Restor'd to Consequence, tho' not to Grace,
Behold him fill the Secretary's place!
His pen can write you paragraphs by scores;
His valour kick two Quakers out of doors:
Tim for their champion let the People dub;
Yet Virtue still must hold him for a scrub.

Kerr, and Carmichael,⁵⁴ Ishmaelites obscure;
Who deem that all things to the pure are pure;

Hag-rid by Congress, by sedition stirr'd,
Desert the Bible to proclaim the sword.
Such force attends the fascinating sound,
Murder is sainted, perjury renown'd.

Spencer and Caldwell, evangelic pair—⁵⁵
This a smooth serpent, that a furious bear—
With equal zeal, but different cast of head,
Prepar'd the Doctrine of the Word to spread.
One on the thunder of his tongue relied:
The other, wisely to his pen applied.
Figures and tropes rough Spencer chose to pour:
Arabian figures suited Caldwell more.
The first was bold in treasonable talk;
The second took the Commissary's walk.
Both were detested, as they both deserv'd;
But while the penman throve, the spokesman starv'd.
Spencer a martyr falls to rage and rum;
While Caldwell safe retires with half a plumb.

Tucker, from want and dirt and darkness sprung,
Of formal face, and Oliverian tongue—
'Scap'd from the gallows, gain'd the mob's esteem;
But no promotion could from fraud redeem.
No rank his heart to honesty could fix;

Still graceless he pursued his native tricks:
Now rose against him the tumultuous den:
The Dev'l himself can sometimes rail at sin;
Too much a knave for knaves themselves to bear,
Abhorr'd by all men, Tucker quits the chair.⁵⁶

Paschal, who never right from wrong could tell;
Who never yet could read, or write, or spell;
From last, from awl, from cutting-knife is torn,
While tanners weep, and half-shod soldiers mourn.
He's now a Justice—wherefore should we grudge?
When Cong. reigns King, a Cobbler may be Judge.

These are poor characters—Rise, Satire! rise,
And seize on villains of superior size.
Let censure reach to Shippen⁵⁷ and to Yates,⁵⁸
Or dignify the verse with Greene and Gates:
Expose the meanness of the P***s to view,⁵⁹
Or strike at Willing,⁶⁰ Hamilton,⁶¹ and Chew:⁶²
Macdougall, Maxwell, Muhlenberg attack,⁶³
Or Baylor clad in white, or Knox in black:⁶⁴
Or blast Poughkeepsie's Lord, who soils a fame,
That never but in him was doom'd to shame.⁶⁵
Or vengeful draw the weapon from the sheath,
And plunge it in the murd'rous breast of Heath.⁶⁶

The blust'rer; the poltroon; the vile; the weak;
Who fight for Congress, or in Congress speak,
Or to its edicts cowardly submit,
Alike should undergo the lash of wit.

Come, Mifflin, let me put thee on the stage:
As thou with Britain, war with thee I wage.
Fierce Mifflin foremost in the ranks was found:
Ask you the cause? He owed ten thousand pound.⁸⁷
Great thanks to Congress, and its doughty Word,
He cancell'd debts by flourishing his sword!
Not that he cares for Congress, or its voice;
Broils are his Int'rest, Tumult is his choice.
But that he wants the necessary skill
A pliant people to inflame at will:
But that his genius yields to Roberdeau,
In every art of managing the low:
Confusion would in aid of Justice rise,
Revenge the widow's groans, the orphan's cries;
The robbers of their ill-got treasure rob,
And give Joe Reed a victim to the mob.

Gates I have nam'd, but have not yet forsook:
Step forward, Gates—and tremble at my look.
Can'st thou, most harden'd tho' thou art, sustain

The glance of anger mingled with disdain?
I've seen thy father—has thy pride forgot—
Mean was his office—very mean his lot.
A gracious Master overlook'd thy birth,
And rais'd thee far above the dregs of earth.
Each act of favour how hast thou return'd?
How all the laws of sacred Honour spurn'd?
What vile ingratitude thy soul has shown,
Is fit for devils to relate alone.⁶³
Go hide, abandon'd monster, hide thy head—
Go fly, if fly thou can'st, from inward dread—
Call cliffs, call mountains on thee to descend:
But rocks nor hills from terror shall defend.
In Hell seek refuge—even there thou'lt find
A fiercer hell hot-bursting in thy mind.

Where, where is Sinclair?⁶⁹ Takes he to his heels?
Blows aim'd at Gates by instinct Sinclair feels.
He too fought nobly in his Country's cause;
He too the sword against his Sov'reign draws.
Like Gates entangled in rebellion's snare,
He too, like him, should tremble and despair.
What comfort can they hope, what peace deserve,
Who forfeit virtue, and from duty swerve?

Avenging furies shall their steps pursue
Till, chas'd from earth, they join th' infernal crew.

*****, whose meanness in the prime of life,
Allow'd old ***** to pollute his wife;⁷⁰
Who still, regardless of the filthy blot,
Owns all the bastards that the lecher got;
In age, and equally to honour's grief,
From a tame cuckold grows a rebel chief.
O! may no saucy cannons round him roar;
No rude courtmartials vex his quiet more;
His days awhile, good Destiny, secure:
Tho' stinking, great; and wealthy, tho' impure.
Yes, let him live, kind Fate; but live abhorr'd,
Till Justice fastens to his neck the cord.

Amidst ten thousand eminently base,
Thou, Sullivan,⁷¹ assume the highest place!
Sailor, and farmer—barrister of vogue—
Each state was thine, and thou in each a rogue.
Ambition came, and swallow'd in a trice,
Like Aaron's rod, the reptile fry of vice.
One giant passion then his soul possess'd,
And dreams of lawless sway disturb'd his rest.
He gave each wild imagination scope,

And flew to Congress on the wings of hope.
Behold him there, but still behold him curst—
He sate in Congress; but he sate not first—
What could the fever of his mind compose?
Make him a Gen'ral: Gen'ral straight he grows.
Head of a shirtless, shoeless gang he strides,
While Wisdom stares, and Folly shakes her sides.

And must I sing the wonders of his might?
What are they?—Rout, captivity, and flight.
Rhode-Island saw him to her forts advance,
Assisted by the ships of faithless France:
Rhode-Island saw him shamefully retreat,
In imitation of the Gallic fleet.
His banners last on Susquehannah wav'd,
Where, lucky to excess, his scalp he sav'd.

All these, and more whose praise must be deferr'd,
Seditious rose when Congress gave the word:
Of various principles; from various soils;
Smit with desire of change, or love of broils.
As when an ass with hideous clamour brays,
Unnumber'd asses loud their voices raise:
As when a restless ram the fence o'erleaps,
Flocks leave their grazing, and pursue in heaps:

So, at one noisy, turbulent command,
Contagion seiz'd and uproar fill'd the land.
All rush'd like frighten'd sheep, to join the Cause;
Or in sonorous cadence bray'd applause.

Come, heav'n-born Truth, and analyze a Word
To all things human and divine preferr'd!
Guide of the will, and ruler of the heart—
Why not examine each component part?
Impress'd so deeply, and diffus'd so wide,
It ought the test of Reason to abide:
Serene and beautiful in outward face,
Within, all wisdom, sanctity, and grace:
Impartial it should be, and void of faults;
It should—but Truth from this account revolts.

Far other portrait the prevailing Word
From Truth's unerring pencil has incurr'd.
Bid her describe the Congress:—straight she draws
An hydra-headed form, with harpies' claws—
Lo! num'rous mouths hiss, chatter, bark, or croak:
Here, one like Cacus belches fire and smoke;
The second like a monkey grins and chats;
A third squalls horrible, like angry cats:
Here, you've the growls and snarlings of a dog;

And there the beastly gruntings of a hog.
Others affect the puritanic tone;
The whine, the cant, the snuffle, and the groan.
In Candour's accents falsehoods some disguise;
Whilst others vomit forth essential lies—
All sounds delusive, all disgusting notes,
Pour like a torrent from their brazen throats,
To fill with rage the poor distracted crowd;
Whilst Discord claps her hands, and shouts aloud.

This harsh account should Charity distrust,
Yet sad Experience will pronounce it just.
Whoe'er the Word of Congress shall peruse,
In every piece will see it change its views:
Now, swell with duty to the King elate;
Now, melt with kindness to the parent state;
Then back to Treason suddenly revolve,
And join in Suffolk's infamous resolve.
Trace it thro' all the windings of the press,
Vote or appeal, petition or address,—
Trace it in every act—in every speech—
Too sure you'll find duplicity in each.
Mark now its soothing, now its threat'ning strain;
Mark its hypocrisy, deceit, chicane;
From the soft breathings of the new-form'd board,

To that fell hour when Independence roar'd;
Forc'd, you'll acknowledge since Creation's dawn,
Earth never yet produc'd so vile a spawn.

But still, in Britain, many disbelieve—
I own, 'tis hard such baseness to conceive.
Who, that beheld these foul impostors rave
When Law confirmed the rights that Treaties gave:
Heard them foretell Religion's general wreck,
From Romish faith establish'd in Quebec:
Who, that observ'd all this, could e'er opine
That Saints like these with Popery should join?
Imagination must it not surpass,
That Congress should proceed in pomp to Mass?
Yet that they did, authentic proofs can show;
Myriads the frontless act—nay, millions—know.⁷⁹

Here, gentle reader, we'll go back a space,
Two famous missions of the Word to trace.
Saint *****, with a priest in either hand,
Devoutly travell'd to Canadian land:
For those who should rebel, a copious store
Of Absolutions our apostles bore.
In faith, it prov'd a memorable job:
Its gracious sounds avail'd not with the mob—

Like Paul at Lystra, it provok'd the stones,
And scarce the factious preachers sav'd their bones.
McWhorter, Spencer, with the same designs;—
A brace of flaming, pestilent divines,—
To Carolina went, by Cong.'s decree,
From oaths the fetter'd populace to free.
Ridiculous attempt; unhallow'd work;
Plain sense abhorr'd the miserable quirk;
The wretched bigots were dismiss'd with jeers,
But kept ('twas more than they deserv'd) their ears.⁷³

Not so discourag'd, the prolific Word
To more successful artifice recurr'd.
Swarms of deceivers, practis'd in the trade,
Were sent abroad to gull, cajole, persuade;
Scoff with the scoffer; with the pious pray;
Drink with the drunkard; frolick with the gay:
All things to all with varied art become,
And bribe with paper, or inflame with rum.
Others, apart in some obscure recess,
The studied lie for publication dress:
Prepare the vague report, fallacious tale;
Invent fresh calumnies; revive the stale;
Pervert all records sacred and profane:
And chief among them stands the villain Paine.

This scribbling imp, 'tis said, from London came,
That seat of glory, intermixed with shame;
Imperial City, Queen of Arts enroll'd,
But full of vice as Sodom was of old;
Once with the deathless name of Barnard grac'd;
By Wilkes, and Bull, and Sawbridge now defac'd.⁷⁴

Our hireling author having chang'd his soil,
True son of Grubstreet, here renew'd his toil.
What cannot ceaseless impudence produce?
Old ——⁷⁵ knows its value, and its use.
He caught at Paine; reliev'd his wretched plight;
And gave him notes, and set him down to write.
Fire from *the Doctor's* hints the miscreant took;
Discarded truth, and soon compos'd a book:
A pamphlet which, without the least pretence
To reason, bore the name of *Common Sense*.
No matter what you call this dogg'rel stuff,
Bad as it was, it pleas'd; and that's enough.
The work like wildfire through the Country ran,
And Folly bow'd the knee to ——'s plan.
Sense, reason, judgment were abash'd and fled;
And Congress reign'd triumphant in their stead.
O hapless Land! O People void of brains!
My heart bleeds for you, tho' my soul disdains.

Deep schemes ensued, to all appearance vague,
But fitted to disseminate the plague.
From the back woods half savages came down,
And awkward troops paraded ev'ry town.
Committees and Conventions met by scores;
Justice was banish'd—Law turn'd out of doors;
Disorder seem'd to upset the land;
They, who appear'd to rule, the tumult fann'd,
But cunning stood behind with sure controul;
And in one centre caus'd to meet the whole.
By what contrivance this effect was gain'd;
How the new States were finish'd and sustain'd;
All, all should be held up to public scorn;
An useful lesson to the child unborn!

But this would open an immense career,
And into port 'twere prudent now to steer.
Much have we labour'd in tempestuous seas:
'Tis time to give the shatter'd vessel ease.
When once refitted, we'll again display
Satire's red ensign on the wat'ry way;
Again encounter the rebellious Flag,
And from the staff the stripes of Faction drag;
These pirates hov'ring on the coast disperse,
And chase them with the flowing sail of verse.

O! grace of every Virtue—meek ey'd maid—
Sweet Modesty, in purple robes array'd—
Think me not vain of these enervate lines,
These feeble colourings, and faint designs.
To bring some stouter Champion on the scene
Is all I meditate, is all I mean.
I but endeavour to amuse the Foe,
Till Genius rise and deal the fatal blow.
But Genius, careless of his charge, sits still,
And lets the monster Congress rage at will:
Lifts not the terror of his pond'rous lance:
Arrests not those who sell the land to France:
Tilts not with bitter Wayne, with boist'rous Lee;
But leaves the task to Weakness, and to me.

Thus, till some favour'd mortal raise his voice,
I must go on—'tis duty, and not choice.
Sister of Wisdom, Goddess of the Song,
Protect the meanest of the tuneful throng!
And when the feather'd weapon I prepare,
Once more to lay the villain's bosom bare;
Let inspiration from th' ethereal height
Shed on my soul her vivifying light—
Poetic ardour, strength of thought infuse,
The life, the spirit, of a glowing muse.

Ask I too much? then grant me for a time
 Some deleterious pow'rs of acrid rhyme:
 Some ars'nic verse, to poison with the pen
 These rats, who nestle in the Lion's den!

Sept. 1779.

EPIGRAM

ON THE POOR OF BOSTON BEING EMPLOYED IN PAVING THE STREETS, 1774.

[This refers to the extensive donations, not only of money, but of rice, wheat, brandy, &c., sent from other colonies to the people of Boston, distressed by the working of the Port Act. From *Rivington's N. Y. Gazetteer*, No. 72. Sept. 2, 1774.]

In spite of *Rice*, in spite of *Wheat*,
 Sent for the Boston Poor—to eat:
 In spite of *Brandy*, one would think,
 Sent for the Boston Poor—to drink:
 Poor are the Boston Poor, indeed,
 And needy, tho' there is no Need:
 They cry for Bread; the mighty Ones
 Instead of *Bread*, give only *Stones*.

THE WHIG.

A Song.

AIR: "*Would you woo a young virgin of fifteen years.*"

[From Rivington's Gazetteer, Jan. 26, 1775: where it is attributed originally to Holt's paper, and is now thrown by the tory printer in the teeth of his whig rival. The piece seems to smack of an English origin.]

WOULD you know what a Whig is, and always was?
I'll show you his face, as it were in a glass.
He's a rebel by nature, a villain in grain,
A saint by profession, who never had grace.
Cheating and lying are puny things;
Rapine and plundering venial sins;
His great occupation is ruining nations,
Subverting of Crowns, and murdering Kings.

To show that he came from a wight of worth,
'Twas Lucifer's pride that first gave him birth:
'Twas bloody Barbarity bore the elf:
Ambition the midwife that brought him forth.

Old Judas was tutor, until he grew big;
 Hypocrisy taught him to care not a fig
 For all that is sacred,—and thus was created
 And brought in the world, what we call a Whig.

Spew'd up among mortals by hellish jaws,
 To strike he begins at religion and laws;
 With pious inventions, and bloody intentions,
 And all for to bring in the good of the cause.
 At cheating and lying he plays his game;
 Always dissembling, and never the same;
 Till he fills the whole nation with sins of d-n-t-n,
 Then goes to the d-v-l, from whence he came!



THANKS UPON THANKS.

A GRACE FOR THE POOR OF BOSTON.

[Thursday, Dec. 15, 1774, was a day of General Thanksgiving ordered by the Massachusetts Congress. From Rivington's Gazetteer, No. 90.]

Thanks to Hancock for Thanksgiving:
 Thanks to God for our goodliving:
 Thanks to Gage for hindering evil:
 And, for source of discord civil
 Thanks to Adams—and the Devil!

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE FROM AMERICA.

[This piece is so headed in the Pennsylvania Ledger, Feb. 14, 1778: which adds that its author was a young gentleman of Charleston, who, on its being made public, was cast into gaol. But the original MS. before me, is addressed to Robert Wills, Esq., printer of the Carolina Gazette. Perhaps it was written with reference to the tarring and feathering scene in Charleston, August 11, 1775, when every one suspected of toryism, from Lieut. Gov. Bull down to the humble printer (who was gifted with certain loyal proclivities), received a monition. (Drayton's Memoirs, ii. 17.—Thomas' Hist. of Printing, ii. 370.) As Robert Wills or Wells went to England soon after, he may have taken the verses with him, and returned them to America in the columns of some English paper.]

Excuse me, dear Robert, I can't think it true,
Tho' Solomon says it, that nothing is new:
Had he liv'd in these times, we had rather been told
Our West World's so new, it has nothing that's old.
But should he insist in his old way to have it,
I would beg leave to ask of this wise son of David
A few simple questions: as, where he e'er saw
Men legally punish'd for not breaking the law?
Tarr'd, feather'd, and carted for drinking Bohea?
And by force and oppression compell'd to be free?

The same men maintaining that all human kind
 Are, have been, and shall be, as free as the wind;
 Yet impaling and burning their slaves for believing
 The truth of the lessons they're constantly giving?
 Or what financiers, politicians, or sages,
 In the Post or the Antediluvian ages,
 He ever had seen, ever heard of, or read,
 Who to raise funds for war first abolish'd their trade?
 And, having all channels of commerce obstructed
 By which gold and silver to states are inducted;
 In an instant, more riches from paper produce
 And the quill of a gray cabalistical goose,
 Than all the disciples of sage Rosicrucius
 Ever made from their talisman-stones and their cruces?

Not only our Money from Nothing appears:
 From Nothing our hopes, and from Nothing our fears;
 From Nothing our statesmen, our army, our fleet;
 From nothing they came, and to nought they'll retreat;
 And no arms they handle so well as their feet.
 Down at night, a bricklayer or carpenter lies;
 With next sun, a Lycurgus or Solon doth rise:
 While doctors, who never made curing their trade,
 Give a bolus of iron, or a pillule of lead;
 But, still counteracted by blunders or fate,

Tho' they murder'd in friendship, they spare in their hate.
Priests, tailors, and cobblers, fill with heroes the camp;
And sailors, like crawfish, crawl out of each swamp.
Self created from nought, like a mushroom, we see
Spring an able commander by land and by sea:⁷⁶
Late of Tories the prince, and his country's rank foe;
Now the Congress's Chairman, a split-shirted beau.⁷⁷
All titles of honour and profit do wait on
Judge, General, Counsellor, Admiral Drayton!
Who never smell'd powder, nor handled a rope;
Yet infallible more than Lord Peter the Pope,
Who makes flesh of his bread and blood of his wine;
Whilst Drayton of schooners makes ships of the line:
Makes all laws of Mechanics and Nature knock under;
Can cram in an egg-shell a twenty-four pounder;⁷⁸
Can burn in an instant the whole British navy;
And eat up an army without sauce or gravy!

SKINNER'S WELCOME.

[This playful parody was written in February, 1776, by John Tabor Kempe, attorney-general of New York, who had taken refuge on the *Asia* man-of-war, to welcome Cortlandt Skinner, attorney-general of New Jersey, who was driven to the same step. Mr. Sabine's *Loyalists* contains sketches of these gentlemen. The late William Rawle, Esq., of this city, who, in 1778, was reading law at New York in the office of Mr. Kempe, speaks of him as—"a man whom I admire more and more every day. Understanding, learning, generosity, sensibility, and courage, distinguish him. He is the tenderest of brothers, the most affectionate husband and father. As a lawyer, distinguished equally for skill and integrity; as a gentleman, remarkable for his politeness; as a friend, beloved for his sincerity."—I am not aware that these verses have ever before been printed.]

WELCOME! welcome, brother Tory,
To this merry floating place:
I came here a while before ye;
Coming here is no disgrace.
Freedom finds a safe retreat here,
On the bosom of the wave:
You she now invites to meet her;
Welcome then, thou tory brave!

As you serve, like us the King, Sir,
In a hammock you must lay:
Better far 'tis so to swing, Sir,
Than to swing another way.
Tho' we've not dry land to walk on,
The quarter deck is smooth to tread:
Hear how fast, while we are talking,
Barron trips it over head.⁷⁹

Should vile whigs come here to plunder,
Quick we'll send them whence they came:
They soon should hear the Asia thunder,
And see the Phoenix in a flame.
Neptune's gallant sons befriend us,
While at anchor here we ride;
Britain's wooden walls defend us,
Britain's glory and her pride.

LIBERTY'S CHOICE:

OR,

THE RIVAL SUITORS.

[From Gaine's New York Gazette, Dec. 23, 1776. Its occasion seems to have been the proclamation of Nov. 30, 1776, by General William Howe and his brother the Earl, inviting the Americans to submission; but threatening them with vengeance should they persist in resistance.]

Fair *Liberty* came o'er
Through her Britannia's aid,
And on this savage shore
With sweet complacence stray'd:
Britannia's standard was her own;
For *Liberty* by her was known.

Happy she liv'd awhile,
And all the welkin round
Was jocund in her smile,
And rang with gladdest sound:
Her swains increas'd through ev'ry Year,
And bless'd the hand that plac'd her here.

Joy never beat so high
In her *Britannia's* breast
As when fair *Liberty*
Appear'd so much caress'd :
Defence with gen'rous hand she gave,
And conquer'd ev'ry adverse slave.

At length three Suitors came,
To take her for a Bride :
Presented each their Claim,
And scorn'd to be denied :
Each thought himself supremely sure
To catch the Maiden in his Lure.

With Names of diff'rent Sound,
All three were near of Kin ;
And fled *Britannia's* Ground
Because they could not win
Her Crown, her Mitre and her Trade,
And ev'ry Bound of Law invade.

John Presbyter was first,
And, with a rank Grimace
All Opposition curst
Beyond the Help of Grace :

He Bishops pass'd to Hell alive:—
That he on Earth might better thrive.

Though Honour to the King
God strictly has enjoin'd;
John said, 'Twas no such Thing,
For God had chang'd his Mind:
That now he'd prove it just and right
To kill the King; and, *ergo*, fight.

"Fair Maiden, thou art mine,"
Quoth *John*, "I take my Vow;
"For I have Right divine,
"To which all Flesh should bow!"
The Maiden turn'd her Head aside,
Hating his sly Deceit and Pride.

Will Democrack came next,
Who swore all Men were ev'n;
And seem'd to be quite vex't
That there's a King in Heav'n:
Will curst the hilly Country round,
Because it made—unequal Ground.

It gave him vast Surprise
That Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes

Were not form'd of a Size
Like Wedgwood's earthen Dishes :
With wise *Alphonso*, he'd have taught
His God t' have made things, "as he ought."

To him the Virgin said,
"That on an equal Claim
"If she no Diff'rence made,
"He none could justly blame.
"But yet *she* could not bear the Rule
"Of ev'ry vulgar Knave or Fool."

Though last in his Pretence,
Brisk *Nathan Smuggle* came :⁵⁰
Yet for sound Impudence
He had as good a Claim.
Urg'd by illicit Spirit's Fire,
Nathan profess'd his warm Desire.

Resenting with Disdain
The Plea of such a Brute,
She told him, "'Twas in vain
To teaze her with his Suit."
The Rascal turn'd about, and swore
That *Liberty* was but a ———.

He *veaw'd*, a Cask of Rum,
Or contraband Molasses,
Was better worth at home
Than twenty such nice Lasses:
Yet still he felt an angry Pride,
Because so perfectly denied.

He therefore told the Town,
That the pert Minx was free;
And to each Scoundrel known,
And ev'ry dirty *He*;
That she *imported* rank Disease,
And swarm'd with "Vermin," Bugs, and Fleas.

Each ——— and Rogue re-told
Our *Nathan's* lying Tale,
And ev'ry Dunce "felt bold"
At the poor Girl to rail:
In short, to act the basest Shame,
To *Slavery* they chang'd her Name.

Britannia heard the News
Of her dear Sister's Fate;
But, wond'ring at th' Abuse
And undeserved Hate;

She mildly ask'd, "Who states a Cause
Against my *Liberty* and Laws?"

John answer'd, "Thou art proud,
Britannia, mad, and rich :"
Will. d—d her, with his Croud,
And call'd her, "Tyrant ——."
While *Nathan* his Effusions bray'd,
And *veaw'd* "She ruin'd all his Trade."

This heard, her gen'rous Mind
With Indignation fir'd ;
Her warlike Sons combin'd,
By mutual Fame inspir'd ;
She bade their antient Ardor rouse
Conducted by her fav'rite *Howes*.

"Go, Sons," said she,—“and show
“That *Liberty* I love :
“And teach her Foes to know
“Their Deeds I disapprove.
“Patient, to Reason make Appeal
“Ere ye my awful Vengeance deal.

“While Error ye reclaim,
“Let ev'ry Foe perceive

“That none, who wound my Fame,
“Without my Terrors live:
“And that my Thunders can be hurl’d
“For *Liberty* around the World!”

EPIGRAM

ON THE MOTTO OF A CONTINENTAL TWO-DOLLAR BILL: “TRIBULATIO DITAT”
THRASHING MAKES RICH.

[From Towne’s Evening Post, Feb. 19, 1778: Signed *A Maryland Loyalist.*]

That thrashing makes rich the Congress do know,
Or else on their money they would not say so;
But what kind of thrashing they do not explain,
Whether beat by the English, or beating out grain:
And since we’re left dark, we may fairly conclude
That both will enrich them, and both do them good.

THE CONGRESS.

A Song.

WROTE IN THE SPRING OF THE YEAR 1776.

TUNE : "*Nancy Dawson.*"

[From Towne's Evening Post : No. 435.]

YE Tories all rejoice and sing
Success to George our gracious king;
The faithful subjects tribute bring
And execrate the Congress.

These hardy knaves and stupid fools;
Some apish and pragmatic mules;
Some servile acquiescing tools;
These, these compose the Congress.

When Jove resolv'd to send a curse,
And all the woes of life rehearse;
Not plague, not famine, but much worse;
He curs'd us with a Congress.

Then peace forsook this hapless shore;
Then cannons blaz'd with horrid roar;
We hear of blood, death, wounds and gore;
The offspring of the Congress.

Imperial Rome from scoundrels rose;
Her grandeur's hail'd in verse and prose;
Venice the dregs of sea compose;
So sprung the mighty Congress.

When insects vile emerge to light,
They take their short inglorious flight,
Then sink again to native night:
An emblem of the Congress.

With freemen's rights they wanton play;
At their command, we fast and pray;
With worthless paper they us pay;
A fine device of Congress.

With poverty and dire distress,
With standing armies us oppress;
Whole troops to Pluto swiftly press,
As victims to the Congress.

Time serving priests to zealots preach,
Who king and parliament impeach;
Seditious lessons to us teach
At the command of Congress.

Good Lord! disperse this venal tribe;
Their doctrine let no fools imbibe;
Let Balaam no more asses ride
Nor burdens bear to Congress.

With puffs, and flams, and gasconade,
With stupid jargon, they bravade:
We transports take—Quebec invade—
With laurels crown the Congress.

Our mushroom champions they dragoon;
We cry out hero, not poltroon;
The next campaign we'll storm the moon,
And there proclaim the Congress.

In shades below, Montgomery's ghost
Is welcom'd to the Stygian coast;
Congenial traitors see and boast
Th' unhappy dupe of Congress.

Old Catiline, and Cromwell too,
Jack Cade, and his seditious crew,
Hail brother rebel at first view,
And hope to meet the Congress.

The world's amaz'd to see the pest
The tranquil land with wars infest;
Britannia puts them to the test,
And tries the strength of Congress.

O goddess, hear our hearty prayers;
Confound the villains by the ears;
Disperse the plebeians—try the peers;
And execute the Congress.

See, see, our hope begins to dawn;
Bold Carleton scours the northern lawn;
The sons of faction sigh forlorn;
Dejected is the Congress.

Clinton, Burgoyne, and gallant Howe,
Will soon reward our conduct true,
And to each traitor give his due;
Perdition waits the Congress.

See noble Dunmore keeps his post;
Maraudes and ravages the coast;
Despises Lee and all his host,
That hair brain tool of Congress.

There's Washington and all his men—
Where Howe had one, the goose had ten—
March'd up the hill, and down again;
And sent returns to Congress.

Prepare, prepare, my friends prepare,
For scenes of blood, the field of war;
To royal standard we'll repair,
And curse the haughty Congress.

Huzza! Huzza! we thrice huzza!
Return peace, harmony, and law!
Restore such times as once we saw
And bid adieu to Congress.

TO DAVID RITTENHOUSE.

[From Towne's Pennsylvania Evening Post, Dec. 2, 1777. Rittenhouse is attacked by Cobbett with some wit and more bitterness in Porcupine's Works, i. 138, iv. 361.]

MEDDLE not with state affairs;
Keep acquaintance with the stars;
For there thy genius lies.
Science, David, is thy line :
Warp not nature's great design,
If thou to fame would'st rise.

Then follow learned Newton still :
Trust me, mischievous Machiavel
Thou'lt find a dreary coast;
Where damp'd the philosophic fire,
Neglected genius will retire,
And all thy fame be lost.

Politics will spoil the man
Form'd for a more exalted plan :
Great nature bids thee rise

To pour fair science on our age,
To shine amidst th' historic page,
And half unfold the skies!

But if thou crush this vast design,
And in the politician's line
With wild ambition soar;
Oblivion shall entomb thy name,
And from the rolls of future fame
Thou'lt fall, to rise no more.

ON THE SNAKE

DEPICTED AT THE HEAD OF SOME AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

[From Rivington's New York Gazetteer, Aug. 25, 1774. The whig papers generally at this time adopted for a headpiece, a snake broken into parts representing the several colonies, with the motto "Unite or Die."]

YE sons of Sedition, how comes it to pass
That America's typ'd by a Snake—in the grass?
Don't you think 'tis a scandalous, saucy reflection,
That merits the soundest, severest correction?
New-England's the Head, too;—New-England's abus'd;
For the Head of the Serpent we know should be bruis'd!

AMERICA.

[Addressed to Dean Tucker, and attributed to Soame Jenyns. The Dean's plan was to let the colonies go, rather than fight for them: see his *Humble Address*, &c. (Lond. 1775). From Penn. Ledger, Feb. 21, 1778.]

CROWN'D be the man with lasting praise,
Who first contriv'd the pin,
To loose mad horses from the chaise
And save the necks within.

See how they prance, and bound, and skip,
And all controul disdain!
They bid defiance to the whip,
And tear the silken rein.

Awhile we try if art or strength
Are able to prevail:
But hopeless, when we find at length
That all our efforts fail;

With ready foot the spring we press;
Out jumps the magic plug;

Then, disengag'd from all distress
We sit quite safe and snug.

The pamper'd steeds, their freedom gain'd,
Run off full speed together ;
But having no plan ascertain'd,
They run they know not whither.

Boys who love mischief, and of course
Enjoying the disaster,
Bawl, stop 'em! stop 'em! 'till they're hoarse;
But mean to drive 'em faster.

Each claiming now his nat'ral right
Scorns to obey his brother :
So they proceed to kick and bite
And worry one another.

Hungry at last, and blind and lame,
Bleeding at nose and eyes,
By suff'rings grown extremely tame,
And by experience wise :

With bellies full of *liberty*,
But void of oats and hay

They both sneak back ; their folly see ;
And run no more away.

Let all who view th' instructive scene,
And patronize the plan,
Give thanks to Glo'ster's honest Dean,
For, Tucker, thou'rt the man !



EPIGRAM

SAID TO BE WROTE BY THE LATE REBEL GENERAL LEE ON HIMSELF.

[From Rivington's Gazette, Dec. 14, 1782: where it is horribly misprinted.]

Sors de l'aveugle erreur dont vous etes seduit,
Pour voir en quel etat le sort vous à reduit ;
Votre pais vous hait : le Congrès est sans foi ;
Contre tant des ennemis que vous reste-t-il ?—Moi !

IN ENGLISH.

Seduc'd by error, to misfortune born ;
Deceiv'd by Congress, made my country's scorn,
While foes oppress me, friends I seek in vain ;
What hopes are left—Yes, I myself remain.

THE BRITISH LIGHT-INFANTRY.

A Song.

AIR: *Hark! hark! the joy-inspiring Horn!*

[From Rivington's Gazette, Dec. 23, 1778. The allusions to the night-surprises of Wayne's and of Baylor's commands need no explanation.]

HARK! hark! the bugle's lofty sound,
Which makes the woods and rocks around
Repeat the martial strain,
Proclaims the *light-arm'd British troops*
Advance —— Behold, rebellion droops;
She hears the sound with pain.

She sees their glitt'ring arms with fear;
Their nodding plumes approaching near;
Her gorgon head she hides.
She flees, in vain, to shun such foes,
For *Wayne*, or hapless *Baylor* knows
How swift their vengeance glides.

The nimble messenger of Jove
 On earth alights not from above
 With step so light as theirs:
 Hence, they have *feather'd caps*, and *wings*,
 And *weapons* which have keener stings
 Than that gay Hermes bears.

A myrtle garland, with the vine,
 Venus and Bacchus shall entwine,
 About their brows to place;
 As types of love and joy, beneath
 The well-earn'd, budding laurel-wreath
 Which shades each hero's face.



EPIGRAM

ON SIR WILLIAM HOWE.

[I find this in Porcupine's Works, i. 377; but it evidently dates back to the revolutionary war, and probably to the period of the Mischianza at Philadelphia.]

WHEN mighty CÆSAR triumphs o'er his foes,
 Three words concise his gallant acts disclose;
 But HOWE, more brief, comprises his in one,
 And *vidi*, tells us all that he has done.

A MEDLEY FOR THE LIGHT INFANTRY.

BY A SOLDIER.

[From Rivington: Jan. 23, 1779. The Light-Bobs seems to be a familiar name for the Light Infantry. One of Hook's characters in Gurney Married thus uses it, with the allusion to the wings or epaulets mentioned in the foregoing song.]

TUNE: *Over the Hills and far away.*

SOLDIER, while the flowing bowl
Warms your heart and cheers your soul,
Let me to your mind recall
Scenes familiar to us all;
In the gloomy forest's shade,
Where your weary limbs you've laid,
Or your parched mouth applied,
To the cool refreshing tide.

Think you see the nights again
When, amid the rattling rain,
Some of Britain's light-arm'd troops
Sit around their fire in groups;
Some, in wigwams seeking rest,
With the toiling march opprest,

Sleep the stormy night away,
Heedless of the coming day.

TUNE: *By the gayly circling Glass.*

Listen to that swelling noise!
'Tis the bugle's warlike voice,
Which, in accents loud and clear,
Warns us that the foe is near.
War to noble minds has charms:—
See the *Light-Bobs* spring to arms,
Form, and march without delay,
Pleased the summons to obey.

TUNE: *Away to the Copse.*

Behold with what ardor to action they press;
They dash into cover with glee.
Insulted Britannia they wish to redress,
And set sad America free.
Thro' thickets and marshes they patiently go,
Till day-light announces the morn.—
Assail'd by a volley, to close with the foe
They rush, at the sound of the horn.
Past many a bullet and sulphur'ous cloud,
They forward to conquest proceed:
Now flight's the recourse of the fanatic crowd;

The Britons pursue them with speed.
The boasters, who lately their prowess defied,
And *vowed* to have gallantly stood :
The well-pointed bayonet humbles their pride,
And bathes the false rebels in blood.

TUNE : *Hosier's Ghost.*

Mark yon wretch, submissive bending,
In whose features shame and grief
Mixt with terror, seem contending :
That was late a Rebel Chief.
“ Give me quarter !” hear him crying,
“ I beseech you on my knee !
“ I am not prepar’d for dying,
“ Since my country’s wrong’d by me.”

“ For your vows and treaties breaking
“ Tho’ your forfeit life should pay,
“ Rise—it is not worth my taking ;”
(Hear the gen’rous victor say) :
“ Give this lesson due attention
“ If you wou’d be truly free.
“ Help to quell this dire contention
“ Take your country’s part like me.”

TUNE: *Lumps of Pudding.*

We've shewn them full oft of what stuff we are made :
As often, unmerited mercy display'd :
But shou'd they persist, we'll not vengeance restrain,
But probe to the quick the approaching campaign.
Then hence with all thread-bare disputes for this night :
To laugh there's a season, as well as to fight.
And one at a time is enough, by my soul—
And so, brother Soldier—about with the bowl.

EPIGRAM

ON THE CAPTURE OF GEN. CHARLES LEE.

[Lee and Gates were both British-born, and officers in the royal army before the war: indeed it was questionable at the time whether the first had formally got rid of his commission, before taking service with America. His accession was regarded as a great advantage to our troops. He was captured by the enemy in Dec. 1776, and placed in close confinement.]

WHEN Gates and when Lee turned on Britain those brands,
Which the favour of Britain had placed in their hands;
The Congress was glad: but its gladness is o'er,
Its safety is shipwrecked upon a *Lee shore*.
The rebels may tremble; they quickly shall see
That we'll shut up their *Gates* as we've shut up their *Lee*!

STANZAS.

WRITTEN THE 10TH OF MAY, 1776, BY AN EXILE FROM AMERICA.⁸¹

To thee, O God, by whom I live,
The tribute of my soul to give,
 On this revolving day;
To thee, O God, my voice I raise,
To thee address my grateful praise,
 And swell the duteous lay!

Now has this orb unceasing run
Its annual circuit round the sun,
 Since when the heirs of strife,
Led by the pale moon's midnight ray,
And bent on mischief, urg'd their way,
 To seize my guiltless life.

At ease my weary limbs were laid;
And slumbers-sweet around me shed
 The blessings of repose:

Unconscious of the dark design,
I knew no base intent was mine,
And therefore fear'd no foes.

When straight an heaven-directed youth,
Whom oft my lessons led to truth,
And honour's sacred shrine;
Advancing quick before the rest,
With trembling tongue my ear address,
Yet sure in voice divine.

"Awake! awake! the storm is nigh.—
"This instant rouse,—this instant fly,—
"The next may be too late.
"Four hundred men, a murderous band,
"Access importunate demand,
"And shake the groaning gate."

I wake—I fly—whilst, loud and near,
Dread execrations wound my ear,
And sore my soul dismay.
One avenue alone remain'd—
A speedy passage there I gain'd,
And wing'd my rapid way.

That moment, all the furious throng,
An entrance forcing, pour'd along,
 And fill'd my peaceful cell:
Where harmless jest, and modest mirth,
And cheerful laughter oft had birth,
 And joy was wont to dwell.

Not ev'n the Muse's hallow'd fane
Their lawless fury can restrain,
 Or check their headlong haste:
They push them from their solemn seats;
Profane their long-rever'd retreats;
 And lay their Pindus waste.

Not yet content, but hoping still
Their impious purpose to fulfil,
 They force each yielding door:
And while their curses load my head,
With piercing steel they probe the bed,
 And thirst for human gore.—

Meanwhile, along the sounding shore,
Where Hudson's waves incessant roar,
 I work my weary way;

And skirt the windings of the tide,
My faithful pupil by my side;
Nor wish th' approach of day.

At length, ascending from the beach,
With hopes reviv'd, by morn I reach
The good Palemon's cot;
Where, free from terror and affright,
I calmly wait the coming night,
My every fear forgot.

'Twas then I scal'd the vessel's side,
Where all the amities abide
That mortal worth can boast;
Whence, with a longing, lingering view,
I bid my much lov'd York adieu,
And sought my native coast.

Now, all compos'd, from danger far,
I hear no more the din of war;
Nor shudder at alarms:
But safely sink each night to rest,—
No Malice rankling through my breast,—
In Freedom's fostering arms.

Tho' stripp'd of most the world admires,
Yet torn by few untam'd desires,
 I rest in calm content;
And humbly hope a gracious Lord
Again those blessings will afford,
 Which once his bounty lent.

Yet still for many a faithful friend,
Shall day by day my voice ascend
 Thy dwelling, O my God!
Who, steady still in Virtue's cause,
Despising Faction's mimic laws,
 The Paths of Peace have trod.

Yet not for Friends alone—for All,
Too prone to heed Sedition's call,
 Hear me, indulgent Heaven!
“O may they cast their arms away,—
“To THEE and GEORGE submission pay,—
 “Repent and be forgiven!”

AN IRREGULAR ODE TO PEACE.

[From the Pennsylvania Ledger, March 14, 1778. Probably written at Philadelphia, while occupied by the British, by Major James Campbell, of the 42nd Highlanders.]

O THOU! who smil'st no more
On these once happy plains;
Ah! whither art thou fled
Fair Peace? Is it to Britain's happy shore,
Where Plenty, with content and freedom reigns?
Or to the silent mansions of the dead?
If yet on earth thou deign'st to move,
From that blest region, cast a pitying eye
On this forsaken land, which else must prove
A scene of horror, blood, and cruelty.

Lo! the poor hind, whose former life
Was always spent in dull domestic care,
Now sallies forth, to mix in horrid strife
With those whom nature taught him to revere!
Infatuate monster! stay thy guilty hand,
Nor raise the dagger 'gainst thy brother's breast,

Lest all-avenging heav'n pursue the land
With some new curse which cannot be express'd.

Behold the frantic widow's tender woe,
When robb'd of him who ev'ry grief could charm!
No mortal near, not e'en a gen'rous foe
To shelter her poor hapless head from harm.
Behold her now, all arm'd with greater fears!
Her infant offspring clinging to her breast:
They cry for bread, and catch the trickling tears
Fast flowing from those eyes where pleasure once did rest.

But hark! the raging crowd, whose furious sway
Laid waste this fair, Hesperian soil,
With horror seiz'd, now curse the fatal day
On which they first began the civil broil.
" 'Tis past (they say), those happy days are gone
" When *Peace* and *Plenty* visited our shore:
" Too fatal error! Are we then undone?
" And must we see those happy days no more?

" And thou, fair Freedom! once our joy and boast,
" Our greatest good; alas! how art thou wrong'd!—
" These upstart tyrants of our ruin'd coast
" Our wishes flatter'd, and our doubts prolong'd;

“ But now we see the proud Usurpers’ aim :

“ ‘Tho’ *Liberty’s* dear name is heard each hour,

“ The poor man’s property and good man’s fame

“ Alike are victims to their lawless pow’r.

“ Return then, heav’nly *Peace!* and grace those plains

“ Where whilom thou with pleasure did’st reside :

“ Return and bless thy poor deluded swains ;

“ And may each genuine virtue be thy guide.”

Thus sigh’d the multitude—O hear their pray’r

Bright Maid ! at thy divine command,

The shepherd swain shall tend his fleecy care,

And plenty smile again upon the land.

J. C. 42ND REG.

THE AMERICAN VICAR OF BRAY.

[From Rivington, June 30, 1779, collated with a MS. of the period. The subject of this piece is said to be Dr. Wm. Smith, of Philadelphia : but, if so, many of the hits are untrue as well as ill-natured.]

WHEN Royal George rul'd o'er this land,
And loyalty no harm meant,
For Church and King I made a stand
And so I got preferment.
I still oppos'd all party tricks
For reasons I thought clear ones;
And swore it was their politics,
To make us Presbyterians.
And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, Sir;
Let whatsoever King will reign
I'll be a Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When Stamp Act pass'd the Parliament,
To bring some Grist to Mill, Sir,

To back it was my firm intent ;
But soon there came repeal, Sir.
I quickly join'd the common cry,
That we should all be slaves, Sir ;
The House of Commons was a sty ;
The King and Lords were knaves, Sir.

Now all went smooth, as smooth could be ;
I strutted, and look'd big, Sir :
And when they laid a tax on tea,
I was believ'd a Whig, Sir :
I laugh'd at all the vain pretence
Of taxing at this distance,
And swore before I'd pay my pence,
I'd make a firm resistance.

A Congress now was quickly call'd,
That we might act together.
I thought that Britain would, appall'd,
Be glad to make fair weather,
And soon repeal th' obnoxious Bill
As she had done before, Sir ;
That we might gather wealth at will,
And so be taxed no more, Sir.

But Britain was not quickly scar'd ;
She told another story :
When Independence was declar'd
I figur'd as a Tory ;
Declar'd it was Rebellion base
To take up arms—I curs'd it.
For faith it seem'd a settled case
That we should soon be worsted.

When penal laws were past by vote
I thought *the test* a grievance :
Yet sooner than I'd lose a groat,
I swore the state allegiance,
The thin disguise could hardly pass,
For I was much suspected :
I felt myself much like the Ass
In Lion's skin detected.

The French alliance now came forth :
The Papists flock'd in shoals, Sir.
Friseurs, Marquis, Valets of Birth,
And Priests to save our souls, Sir.
Our "good Ally" with tow'ring wing,
Embrac'd the flatt'ring hope, Sir,

That we should own him for our King,
And then invite the Pope, Sir.

When Howe with drum and great parade
March'd through this famous town, Sir,
I cried, "may fame his temples shade
With laurels for a crown, Sir."
With zeal I swore to make amends
To good old Constitution :
And drank confusion to the friends
Of our late Revolution.

But poor Burgoyne's, announced my fate :
The Whigs began to glory :
I now bewail'd my wretched state
That e'er I was a Tory.
By night the British left the shore
Nor car'd for friends a fig, Sir ;
I turn'd the cat in pan once more,
And so became a Whig, Sir.

I call'd the army butch'ring dogs ;
A bloody tyrant King, Sir ;
The Commons, Lords, a set of rogues
That all deserv'd to swing, Sir ;

Since Fate has made us great and free,
And Providence can't falter;
So Cong. till death my King shall be,
Unless the times shall alter.

For this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, Sir;
Let whatsoever King will reign,
I'll be a Vicar of Bray, Sir.

EXTEMPORE VERSES.

[From Rivington's Royal Gazette, Jan. 5, 1780: on occasion of the general arming in Europe and America against Great Britain.]

CHOCTAWS, Chickasaws, and Catawbaws,
Are all engag'd to fight us:
Keep off, you Mynheers with your yaws,
And England's guns shall right us.

We mind not Monsieur's copper lace,
Nor solemn Don in cloak;
Once let us meet them face to face,
And fighting is no joke.

Three cheers for England's weal we give,
And pour the broadside in;
The wretch that is not fit to live,
To kill can be no sin.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

A Prophecy.

AIR: *'Tis not yet Day.*

[From Rivington's Gazette: Jan. 2, 1779.]

WHAT though last year be past and gone,
Why should we grieve or mourn about it?
As good a year is now begun,
And better too, let no one doubt it.
'Tis New-Year's morn; why should we part?
Why not enjoy what Heaven has sent us?
Let wine expand the social heart,
Let friends, and mirth, and wine content us.

War's rude alarms disturb'd last year;
Our country bled and wept around us;
But this each honest heart shall cheer;
And peace and plenty shall surround us.
'Tis New-Year's morn, &c.

Last year King Congo, through the land,
Display'd his thirteen stripes to fright us;
But *George's* power, in *Clinton's* hand,
In this New-Year shall surely right us.
'Tis New-Year's morn, &c.

Last year saw many honest men
Torn from each dear and sweet connection :
But this shall see them home again,
And happy in their King's protection.
'Tis New-Year's morn, &c.

Last year vain Frenchmen brav'd our coasts,
And baffled Howe, and scap'd from Byron ;
But this shall bring their vanquish'd hosts
To crouch beneath the British Lion.
'Tis New-Year's morn, &c.

Last year rebellion proudly stood,
Elate, in her meridian glory ;
But this shall quench her pride in blood ;
GEORGE will avenge each martyr'd Tory.
'Tis New-Year's morn, &c.

Then bring us wine; full bumpers bring:

Hail this New-Year in joyful chorus:

God bless great GEORGE our gracious King,

And crush rebellion down before us.

'Tis New-Year's morn; why should we part?

Why not enjoy what Heaven has sent us?

Let wine expand the social heart,

Let friends, and mirth, and wine content us.

THE SACRIFICE.

[From Rivington's Gazette, No. 236 : its connection with the preceding piece will be seen at a glance.]

RECITATIVE.

THE *Prophet*, as became a *Reverend Seer*,
Has told the glories of the rising year ;
The Priest, in turn, his function now supplies,
With joy to make the solemn Sacrifice.

AIR.

(TUNE : *How much superior beauty awes.*)

As tyrant power and slavish fear
To death are now decreed,
Prepare to welcome this New-Year,
And let the victims bleed.
First, Congo ! come : thy robe of state
Put off, and bend the knee :
Receive the stroke ! for thus thy fate
Shall set each captive free.

Usurping Rulers, through the land,
Come in, ye bloody train!
Ye slaves of Congo, all disband;
Behold your master slain!
And now, pale Discord, dæmon fell!
Thy magic reign shall cease;
Down, down to thy own native hell,
And leave the world to peace.

Returning Peace and Plenty, hail!
Love kindles in your smile;
Here love and union shall prevail,
And o'er Britannia's isle!
Away then, each intruding foe!
Beware the rising flame!
We still are Britons, and *will* show
We glory in the name!

ALLEGRO.

TUNE: *Daphne in Midas.**(If you can caper as well as you modulate, &c.)*

Thus, having buried the dæmon of enmity,
Hoping for peace on a permanent throne,
Now let us offer, to crown the solemnity,
Each one a trifle or two of his own.

If spleen or avarice curdle your charity,
Sacrifice both, and let poverty dine !
If doubt or despondency check your hilarity,
Drown them, at once, in a bumper of wine !

If you are strangers to all these commodities,
Have you *no* follies or vices to spare ?
Then, I must own, you're a queer set of oddities,
And, I presume, your example is rare !
But here—'tis time I should quit the Confessional ;
Io triumphe in chorus we sing !
Down with all pride and ambition Congressional !
Huzza for Clinton ! and God bless the King !

To the Memory
OF
MUNGO CAMPBELL,
LIEUT. COLONEL OF HIS MAJESTY'S 53RD REGIMENT OF FOOT,
WHO COMMANDED THE ATTACK ON FORT MONTGOMERY,
OCTOBER 6, 1777,
AND AS HE WAS LEADING ON HIS TROOPS TO THE STORM
WITH CALM INTREPIDITY
FELL JUST BEFORE THE MOMENT OF VICTORY.

[From Robertson's Royal Pennsylvania Gazette, No. ix.]

To check Rebellion in her mad career,
To tame the haughty, and the sad to cheer,
To vindicate his injur'd Sovereign's Name,
To rescue Loyalty from lawless Shame,
Restore the blessings of a mild command
Of Ease and Plenty thro' a factious land;
His sword th' intrepid *Campbell* drew:—he fell,
How nobly, Hudson's echoing banks can tell.

In Peace as gentle, as in War rever'd;
Lov'd as a Master, as a Soldier fear'd;
Faithful Domestics sighing view'd his bier,
And hardy Veterans drop the silent tear!
“Cease!” cries the Hero—“though in Battle slain,
“My Wounds were Glory, and my Death is Gain.”

VERSES WRITTEN IN CAPTIVITY.

[From the Pennsylvania Ledger, Dec. 24, 1777: written by Capt. J. F. D. Smyth, of the Queen's Rangers.⁸²]

CONFINEMENT hail! in honor's justest cause,
True to our King, our Country, and our Laws;
Opposing anarchy, sedition, strife,
And every other bane of social life.

These Colonies, of British freedom tir'd,
Are by the phrensy of distraction fir'd;
Rushing to arms, they madly urge their fate,
And levy war against their Parent State.
Surrounding Nations, in amazement, view
The strange infatuations they pursue.
Virtue in tears deplores their fate in vain,
And Satan smiles to see disorder reign:
The days of Cromwell, Puritanic rage,
Return'd to curse our more unhappy age.

We, Friends to freedom, government, and laws,
Are deem'd inimical unto their cause.

In vaults, with bars and iron doors, confin'd
They hold our persons, but can't rule the mind.
Act now we cannot, else we freely wou'd;
Resign'd we suffer for the public good.

Success on earth sometimes to ill is given:
To brave misfortune is the gift of Heaven.
What men could do we did, our cause to serve;
We can't command success, but we'll deserve.

PHILADELPHIA PRISON, *January 20, 1776.*

EPIGRAM.

[Probably by R. Chubb, of Philadelphia, author of a number of loyal compositions.]

WHEN the Congress sent Lincoln to Charlestown's relief,
We thought they were fools to select such a chief.
But the rebels were wiser perhaps than we think on,
For they know that the devil will watch over Lincoln.

MARY CAY,

OR,

MISS IN HER TEENS.

AN OLD CANTERBURY TALE, FROM CHAUCER.

AIR: *Yankee Doodle.*

[From Rivington, Jan. 22, 1780. The allusions are obvious. Mary Cay, her mother, and the theft of sugar plums, signify America, England, and the illicit colonial trade. Sammy is Samuel Adams, whose plans for independency are referred to. Dick and Will are the Howes, who are quietly reproached for their spirit of concession. The bedroom is Philadelphia, the chief seat of Congress; and New York, the parlour. Puff and Strutt are France and Spain, and Clinton is "gallant Harry." No more of this piece ever appeared, so far as I can learn.]

Good Neighbours, if you'll give me leave,
I'll tell you such a story!
'Twill make you laugh, I do believe,
Or I'm an errand Tory.

To shew that Good from Evil comes,
According to the Scripture,
When *Mary Cay* stole *sugar plums*
You know how *Mother* whipp'd her.

She whipp'd her up and down the *house*
Till Moll was in a fluster,
Yet swore she did not care a louse
For all her mother's bluster.

For Molly counted full *thirteen*,
And bundled now with *Sammy*;
Who said she ought to be a *Queen*,
And never mind her Mammy.

So Sam and Moll together plot,
To make a stout resistance;
And from the *School*, in short, they got
Some *truants* for assistants.

Then mother call'd for *Dick* and *Will*
To teach the wench her duty:
They drubb'd her now and then, but still
They *coax'd* her as a *beauty*.

Then *Jack* was sent across the *Pond*
To take her in the rear, Sir:
But Dick and Will did both abscond—
We thought it mighty queer, Sir!

Yet Moll was now in sore dismay,
And Sam was quite confounded:
Till Jack, in want of prog, they say,
Was by the mob surrounded.

Mean-time, the sturdy Dick and Will
Had only gone by water,
In hopes to catch—*below the hill*,
This vixen of a daughter.

They gave her here a cuff or two,
And fairly made the blood run,
And truly, after much ado,
They got into her *bed-room*.

But Jack's disaster made a noise,
And all the *neighbours* heard it;
For Moll declar'd her gallant boys
Had lick'd him—she aver'd it.

The folks around began to stare,
And look at one another:
And, never doubt, but some there were
That ow'd a grudge to mother;

Which *Puff*, the *Barber*, disavow'd,
And seem'd amazing civil;
Yet while he chatter'd, grinn'd, and bow'd,
He wish'd her at the devil.

And, sure enough, it was not long,
Before this Varlet Shaver
Protested Moll had suffer'd wrong,
And flatter'd her behaviour.

He flatter'd Moll; she flatter'd him;
He vow'd that he would right her;
Yet, both resolv'd to trick and trim—
'Twas, *who should bite the biter*.

Now Molly grew so very stout,
And therewithal so tricky,
Till death she vow'd to hold it out,
In spite of Will and Dicky.

It would provoke a Quaker's oath,
To see such lads miscarry:
So Mother e'en dismiss'd 'em both,
And call'd up gallant *Harry*.

To him was left the task, in short,
Of taming Moll, the shrew, Sir:
And truly, thank the Barber for 't,
He found enough to do, Sir.

The House it rang with noisy clack,
Each prater turn'd a snarler;
So much, that *Hal.* was order'd back
From *Bed-room* to the *Parlour*.

For Puff had sent his boys in boats,
Well arm'd, across the Ferry;
So Moll tuck'd up her petty-coats,
And swore she wou'd be merry.

A friend like this, in time of need,
For battle duly harness'd,
Made her begin to think, indeed,
She was a Queen in earnest.

She call'd this Puff, in armour clad,
Her *Great and Good Ally, Sir!*
You think the Girl was raving mad;
And so, perhaps, do I, Sir.

Now, what with Moll, and what with Puff,
In such a combination,
You fancy mother had enough
Of trouble and vexation.

Why, as to that, you'll please to wait
Until you hear the sequel ;
For, tho' you think her danger great,
Her spirit's more than equal.

Of this was Puff so well apprized,
That, while he flatter'd Molly,
Her vain pretensions he despis'd—
He knew 'twas all a folly !

But still, in keeping up the flame
Between the Dame and Damsel,
He had his views—and so became
The Bully-back of Mam'sell.

'Tis plain, the rogue could not forget
How often, like a knave, he
Had by the Dame been made to sweat,
Until he cried, *peccavi* !

But Moll's affair—the Lord knows how !
So long was un-decided ;
He thought he might do something now,
Against a *House divided*.

But first he made a private league
With one, that in such cases
Was still the Dupe of his intrigue,
His comrade in disgraces.

This comrade, though unus'd to smile ;
An awkward hand at flirting ;
Agreed, like Puff, to skulk awhile,
A foe behind the curtain.

This curtain drawn—lo ! Neighbour *Strutt*
Appears in *Manifesto* !
But as to Mary Cay, poor slut—
Her very name suppress'd, O !

So here with Strutt, and there with Moll,
See Puff insulting *Madam* ;
Why surely *now*, both one and all,
She wish'd the Serpent had 'em !

And yet these haughty Strutts and Puffs,
Instead of *plucking Roses*,
Got little else than kicks and cuffs,
Black eyes and bloody noses.

So, after many Ups and Downs,
Too tedious now to mention,
The Barbers, Pantaloons, and Clowns
Began to curse contention!

And Molly, finding out the trick
That Puff had meant to play her,
Wheel'd right about, and in the nick,
Escap'd from her betrayer.

And thus my text I still maintain,
That Good may come from Evil :
For Moll will hardly think again
Of dealing with the Devil.

But here you must perceive, I think,
My rhyme is getting scant, O ;
So, if you please, we'll take a drink
And wait for t'other Canto.

A PRAYER FOR THE CONGRESS.

[This piece is from a little pamphlet, entitled "Hymns for the Nation in 1782," &c.; published at London, and probably written by Rev. John Wesley. As the circulation and object of the work was almost entirely American, I have no hesitation in including these verses in this series. The reader will observe that in his votive aspirations, the great Methodist evidently had in mind the language of Saint Paul (ii. Tim. iv. 14). "Alexander the copper-smith did me much evil: the Lord reward him according to his works."]

TRUE is the Oracle divine,
The sentence which thy lips hath past:
Tho' hand in hand the wicked join,
They shall not, Lord, escape at last;
Who for a while triumphant seem,
Curst with their own false hearts' desire,
Their Empire is a fleeting dream,
Their hopes shall all in smoke expire.

Surely thou wilt full vengeance take
On rebels 'gainst their king and God;
And strictest inquisition make
For rivers spilt of guiltless blood,

By men who take thy name in vain,
By fiends in sanctity's disguise ;
As thou wert served with nations slain,
Or pleased with human sacrifice.

Thou know'st thine own appointed time
Th' ungodly homicides to quell,
Chastise their complicated crime,
And break their covenant with hell;
Thy plagues shall then o'erwhelm them all,
From proud Ambition's summit driven;
And Faith foresees th' Usurpers' fall
As Lucifer cast down from heaven.

Yet, if they have not sinned the sin
Which never can obtain thy grace,
When Tophet yawns to take them in,
And claims them as the proper place:—
The authors of our woes forgive
And snatch their souls from endless woes,
Who would'st that all mankind should live;
Who died'st thyself to save thy foes.

•

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

SET TO MUSIC BY SIGNORA CAROLINA.

[This piece relates to the victory gained by Cornwallis over Gates, at Camden, Aug. 16, 1780.⁸³ From Rivington's Gazette, Sept. 27, 1780.]

JONATHAN.

ISAAC.

ISAAC. (*Allegro.*)

O wherefore, brother Jonathan,
So doleful are your features?
Say, are you rather poorly, man?
— Or have you lost your creatures?

JONATHAN. (*Piano.*)

Ah, would to Heaven that were all!
But worse I have to mention:
For Gates, our gallant general,
Has made a new convention.

ISAAC. (*Vivoce.*)

Then, Jonathan, prick up your ears;
Why don't you smile and caper?

Why, we'll enlist their Regulars,
And pay them with our paper.⁵⁴

JONATHAN. (*Piano.*)

The regulars prescribed the terms,
Nor staid for long orations;
They forc'd our troops to ground their arms,
And eke their corporations.

ISAAC. (*Moderato.*)

Oh! that is grievous! I mistook,
Tho' your lank phiz did bode ill.
How pert will every Tory look—
And sneer at Yankee Doodle!

JONATHAN. (*Piano.*)

A thousand slaughter'd friends we've lost;
A thousand more are taken:
Horatio's steed, which gallop'd post,
Has sav'd his rider's bacon.

•
DUETTO. (*Affetuoso.*)

Now mourn, with sack-cloth cover'd o'er,
Our Israel forsaken!
So many slain, while such a Boar
As Gates should save his bacon.

THE TENTH REGIMENT'S VOYAGE TO QUEBEC.

[On its arrival at Quebec, in 1767, one of the officers of the Tenth (or North Lincolnshire) regiment was called on, at the mess-table, for a song. He gave this, "which unknown to the corps, he had composed while on the passage." The Tenth being sent to Boston early in the war, the song became very popular with the royal army there and at New York during the Revolution; and was, in fact, first published, by request of many of the officers, in Rivington's Royal Gazette, Sept. 1st, 1781.⁸⁵]

THE third day of June in the year sixty-seven,
The Xth in three transports sail'd out of Cork-haven;
All jovial and hearty like soldiers so valiant,
And Commodore Hale was quite top and top-gallant.

The Major commanded on board the Carnarvin,
A ship near as large as the town of Dungarvin,
Which carried the women and baggage so weighty,
Of officers seventeen and men three times eighty.

A notion prevail'd in this jolly division,
They'd ne'er see Quebec till they had spent their provision:

So down they all sat and fell eating and drinking,
And made their heads swim to preserve them from sinking.

Of all jolly fellows, the first to be reckon'd
Was Marmaduke Savage of the Fifty-second:
For he at the bottle was such a brave shover,
Before he left land he was near half-seas over.

The Tenth's jolly fellows were Basset and Valtas,
Fitzgerald and Thompson, and Blackey the —,
Montgomery and Parsons, with Crampton and Haley,
Thwaites, Edwards, and Vernon, Taite, Parsons, and Kelly.

Fitzgerald was hearty, and Valtas was rosy;
Thompson was rocky, and Blackey was boozy;
And all were as merry as ducks in a shower,
So thus they went on for near nine knots an hour.

But vain was the courage of fresh-water sailors;
The next day they look'd like a parcel of tailors:
And tho' the King's birthday, the glass was rejected;
And Crampton and Parsons for once look'd dejected.

So sick were our heroes, that not an old stager
Could come on the deck for three days, but the Major;

And he look'd so round, as he sat with his raps on,
The sailors mistook him ofttimes for the capstone.

Sure never poor Gentlemen were in worse condition:
Poor Shaw for a farthing would have sold his commission:
And Edwards, and Vernon, Taite, Parsons, and Kelly,
Were pictures of Jonas just from the whale's belly.

The storm being over, our brave jolly fellows
Recover'd their spirits and laugh'd at the billows;
Taite swore a whole volley, and said he would back it,
He'd swim to America in this Cork jacket.

Then some from their cabins and some from their tickins
Got up on the deck, and fell foul of the chickens.
Holloo Bucks! cries Blackley, I think you are at it—
Then fell on his buttocks and cried out add rat it!

Now Thwaites, grown a sailor, made use of such hard words,
His right was his starboard, his left was his larboard:
While Parsons, still using the soldier-like terms of war,
Tacking call'd wheeling, fore and aft front and rear.

Then Hall, Moore, and Shirley, the lords of the navy,
Came down with a how do ye do, and God save ye!

Alas ! brother soldiers, what brought you on shipboard?
Come rise, or by Neptune we'll give you the whip-cord.

At length a sad sameness made all days like one day,
And only for prayer day, they'd never known Sunday.
For Montgomery their chaplain, so like a good Vicar,
Took care of their souls, and their meat, and their liquor.

But such was their hurry, and such was their boozing,
In nine weeks of wine they drank ninety-one dozen:
Of rum, shrub, and brandy, good twenty-eight gallons;
And fifty-six ditto of porter to balance.

At length out of spirits, and out of provision,
They arriv'd at Point Levi in doleful condition;
But the sight of Quebec soon with courage renew'd them;
And the Spirit of Wolfe as they landed review'd them.

HOT STUFF.

AIR: *Lilies of France.*

[From Rivington's Gazetteer, May 5, 1774; written by one Edward Botwood, serjeant in the grenadiers of the 47th or Lancashire Foot, on its embarkation for Quebec with Wolfe, in 1759. The author "was killed, sword in hand, at the attack of the French entrenchments, on the 31st of July, that year;" but his song long survived him, and, like the Tenth Regiment's, continued a favourite with the royal troops in America during the revolutionary war, in which the 47th bore a constant share. This consideration has governed the insertion here of both pieces. The last stanza of Hot Stuff is clever, but indecent. It is therefore omitted in the text, but is printed on a carton for such as desire it.⁸⁶]

COME, each death-doing dog who dare venture his neck,
Come, follow the Hero that goes to Quebec:
Jump aboard of the transports, and loose every sail;
Pay your debts at the tavern by giving leg-bail;
And ye that love fighting shall soon have enough:
Wolfe commands us, my boys; we shall give them Hot Stuff.

Up the River St. Lawrence our troops shall advance;
To the Grenadier's March we will teach them to dance.

Cape-Breton we have taken, and next we will try
 At their capital to give them another black eye.
 Vaudreuil, 'tis in vain you pretend to look gruff—
 Those are coming who know how to give you Hot Stuff.

With powder in his periwig, and snuff in his nose,
 Monsieur will run down our descent to oppose;
 And the Indians will come: but the light infantry
 Will soon oblige *them* to betake to a tree.
 From such rascals as these may we fear a rebuff?
 Advance, Grenadiers, and let fly your Hot Stuff!

When the Forty-seventh Regiment is dashing ashore,
 While bullets are whistling and cannons do roar,
 Says Montcalm, "Those are Shirley's—I know the lapels—"
 You lie, says Ned Botwood, we belong to Lascelles!
 Tho' our cloathing is changed, yet we scorn a powder-puff;
 So at you, ye B—s, here's give you Hot Stuff.

.

With Monckton and Townshend, those brave Brigadiers,
I think we shall soon knock the town 'bout their ears :
And when we have done with the mortars and guns,
“—If you please, madam Abbess—a word with your Nuns—”
Each soldier shall enter the Convent in buff,
And then, never fear—we will give them Hot Stuff !



EPIGRAM ON GEN. CHARLES LEE.

[When Charles Lee began to embroil himself in the Colonial disputes, the ministerial press on both sides of the water criticized his conduct with great severity. An article copied from the London Evening Post of Nov. 1, into Rivington's Gazetteer of 22 Dec., 1774, will show the temper of these remarks; and at the same time may throw some little additional light on Lee's character and history. Disappointment in his efforts to obtain a lieutenant-coloneley is there given as a motive for his joining the Whigs. In Rivington's paper of Jan. 26, 1775, this epigram is said to have been "spoken extempore, upon reading a Pamphlet, lately published at Philadelphia, ascribed to the *Polish Hero*, and called *Strictures on a Pamphlet entitled, A Friendly Address to all reasonable Americans; &c.*" It is preceded by these words: "May a Halter bind him, whom Honor and Honesty cannot!"]

OVERSTOCK'D with Ambition and high-mettled spirit,
Without either Wisdom, or Prudence or Merit;
Poor *Lubin* a Regiment strove to obtain,
Till his Coffers he empty'd, and addl'd his Brain.
Thro' various Nations he publish'd his Mind,
But in vain—for still *all* to his Merits were blind.
Then swelling with Anger, quoth *Lubin*, "I swear,
"To American —— I strait will repair:

“ I’ll head their bold Sons,—and the sound of my Name
“ Shall lead them to Victory, Freedom and Fame.”

Jack Catch, who stood by, with significant Leer,
Cries, “ Courage, my Hero, push on, never fear,
“ Your Reward you shan’t lose, I’ll be d—n’d if you do,
“ See *here!*” —and a Halter presents to his View.
“ Hands off, (bellows *Lubin,*) away with your string:
“ I’ve done with my Project, faith, rather than swing.
“ If these are your Tricks, you shan’t catch me to *fight*,
“ But in spite of your slip-noose, by G—, I will *write*.”

THE FACTIOUS DEMAGOGUE.

A Portrait.

[These Hudibrastic lines are taken from Rivington's Gazette, Oct. 4, 1780. They are subscribed *J. B—y, Clericus*; and dated at Halifax, Nova Scotia, May 13, 1780. The author was probably the Rev. Jacob Bailey, the frontier missionary.⁸⁷]

As for his Religion, he could mix,
And blend it well with politics,
For 'twas his favourite opinion
In mobs was seated all dominion :
All pow'r and might he understood
Rose from the sov'reign multitude :
That right and wrong, that good and ill,
Were nothing but the rabble's will :
Tho' they renounce the truth for fiction,
In nonsense trust, and contradiction ;
And tho' they change ten times a day
As fear or int'rest leads the way ;
And what this hour is law and reason,
Declare, the next, revolt and treason ;
Yet we each doctrine must receive,

And with a pious grin believe,
In ev'ry thing the people's choice
As true as God Almighty's voice.
'Tis all divine which they've aver'd,
However foolish or absurd.
If in a tumult they agree
That men from all restraints are free,
At liberty to cut our throats;
'Tis sanctified by major votes;
To bathe the snow in kindred blood,
When it promotes the public good;
That is, when men of factious nature,
Aim with ambition to be greater.
Should they in mighty Congress plod
To set up *Hancock* for a *God*;
A *God* in earnest he must be,
With all the forms of deity;
The high, the low, the rich, the poor,
Must quake and tremble at his pow'r;
And who denies him adoration,
Is sentenc'd straightway to damnation.
Yea, they have pow'r to godify
An onion, turnip, or a fly:
And some have even understood
To consecrate a pole of wood;

Then force their neighbours, great and small,
Before it on their knees to fall.
Since from the people only springs
The right of making Gods and Kings,
Whoe'er derives authority
From any Sov'reign Powers on high,
Is at the best a wicked dreamer,
A stupid *Tory*, and blasphemer.
From this we see, 'tis demonstration
There's no Supreme in the creation,
Except that mighty pow'r, the people;
That weather-cock which rides the steeple;
That noisy and licentious rabble,
Which storms e'en Heaven itself with gabble:
Should these give sanction to a lie,
'Tis plain that Heav'n must ratify!

SONG OF THE VOLUNTEERS OF IRELAND.

AIR: *Langolee.*

[When Sir H. Clinton took the chief command of the army in America, he proceeded to embody a number of loyalist corps; and directed Lord Rawdon, to whom its colonelcy was given, to raise the *Volunteers of Ireland*. The title will be confessed a taking one, when we recollect how many thousands of unsettled Irish were at this time in America, and how extensively the ranks of either army were replenished from that source. The corps, recruited in the South, consisted of "400 strapping fellows, neither influenced by Yankees or Agues," and it was to its credit that, during the whole war, it never had a deserter. To be sure, Rawdon promised a reward of ten guineas for the head of any such, and five only, if the man was brought in alive. In 1784, after the peace, the men were settled at Rawdon, Nova Scotia. While quartered at Jamaica, Long Island, on the 17th March, 1780, Rawdon gave his corps a banquet in honor of St. Patrick, when the following song was sung by one Barney Thompson, the regimental piper. Rivington; No. 362. And see Chastellux, ii. 36: Simcoe's Mil. Jour. 62; 128: Gordon, iii. 388; Onderdonk's Queen's Co. 158; 246.]

SUCCESS to the shamrogue, and all those who wear it,

Be honor their portion wherever they go:

May riches attend them, and store of good claret,

For how to employ them sure none better know.

Every foe surveys them with terror ;
 But every silk petticoat wishes them nearer :
 So *Yankee* keep off, or you'll soon learn your error,
 For Paddy shall prostrate lay every foe.

This day—but the year I can't rightly determine—
 Saint Patrick the vipers did chase from his land :
 Let's see if, like him, we can't sweep off the vermin,
 Who dare 'gainst the sons of the shamrogue to stand.
 Hand in hand ! Let's carol the chorus—
 " As long as the blessings of Ireland hang o'er us,
 " The crest of *Rebellion* shall tremble before us,
 " Like brothers while thus we march hand in hand !"

Saint George and Saint Patrick, Saint Andrew, Saint David,
 Together may laugh at all Europe in arms,
 Fair Conquest her standard has o'er their head waved,
 And glory on them conferr'd all her charms.
 War's alarms to us are a pleasure !
 Since Honour our danger repays in full measure :
 And all who join us shall find we have leisure
 To think of our sport e'en in war's alarms !

PASQUINADE

STUCK UP IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK, AUGUST 12, 1781.

[It must not be supposed that every measure of their leaders met with the approval of the British army and its loyal adherents. On the contrary, they (and especially the latter, as is evidenced in Galloway's tracts), were often very free in their condemnation of the conduct of the war. I am inclined to attribute this pasquinade upon Clinton's vain attempt to succour Cornwallis to the indignation of some loyalist at the inconsequential course thitherto pursued by the royal generals. It is taken from Carey's American Museum, Feb. 1789. I think it would have been but fair in the anonymous author to have told the world that he stole bodily his whole first verse from "A Lyric Epistle to my Cousin Shandy, on his coming to Town," printed in the New Foundling Hospital for Wit, vol. i. p. 144, in 1771; and written by John Hall Stevenson, Esq., the author of Crazy Tales and other very clever and indecent works.]

You know there goes a tale,
How Jonas went on board a whale,
Once for a frolic;
And how the whale
Set sail
And got the cholic:

And, after a great splutter,
Spewed him up upon the coast,
Just like a woodcock on a toast
With trail and butter.

There also goes a joke,
How Clinton went on board the Duke,
Count Rochambeau to fight;
As he didn't fail
To set sail
The first fair gale,
For once we thought him right.
But after a great clutter,
He turn'd back along the coast,
And left the French to make their boast,
And Englishmen to mutter.

Just so, not long before,
Old Knyp,
And Old Clip,
Went to the Jersey shore,
The rebel rogues to beat;
But, at Yankee Farms,
They took alarms,
At little harms,
And quickly did retreat.

Then after two days wonder,
Marched boldly on to Springfield town,
And swore they'd knock the rebels down.
But as their foes
Gave them some blows,
They, like the wind,
Soon chang'd their mind,
And, in a crack,
Return'd back,
From not one third their number.⁸⁸

HYMN FOR THE LOYAL AMERICANS.

[From "Hymns for the Nation, in 1782. London: printed by J. Paramore, at the Foundery, Moorfields: and sold at the Rev. Mr. Wesley's New Chapel, in the City Road, and all his Preaching-Houses in Town and Country, 1781." I attribute the authorship of this piece, as of that on page 117, to the Rev. John Wesley: and similar reasons induce me to give each of them a place in this volume. The Methodists in America during the war were numerous, and were, generally, favourers of the royal cause. They and the Quakers are particularly related to have abstained from taking any advantage of the laws making paper-money a legal tender for ancient debts. Gordon; iv. 145.]

FATHER of everlasting love,
The only refuge of despair,
Thy bowels toward th' afflicted move;
And now thou hear'st the mournful prayer
We for our hapless Brethren breathe,
Who pant within the jaws of death.

The men who dared their King revere,
And faithful to their Oaths abide,
Midst perjur'd Hypocrites sincere,

Harass'd, oppress'd, on every side ;
Gaul'd by the Tyrant's iron yoke,
By Britain's faithless sons forsook.

Our patriot Chiefs betray'd their trust,
To serve their own infernal ends,
The Slaves of avarice and lust,
Sparing their foes, they spoil'd their friends,
Basely repaid their loyal zeal,
And left them—to the Murtherer's steel.

As sheep appointed to be slain,
The victims of fidelity,
To man they look for help in vain ;
But shall they look in vain to Thee,
God over all, who canst subdue
The hearts which mercy never knew?

Ev'n now thou canst disarm their rage,
(If so thy gracious will intends)
The wrath implacable assuage,
The malice of infernal fiends:
Mercy at last compell'd to show,
And let the hopeless captives go.

Yet if our Brethren's doom be seal'd;
And for superior joys design'd,
They have their glorious course fulfill'd;
To souls beneath the altar join'd;
Their guiltless blood hath found a tongue,
And every drop exclaims—"How long?"

O earth, conceal not thou their blood,
Which loud as Zachariah's cries!
O God, thou just, avenging God,
Behold them with thy flaming eyes,
And blast, and utterly consume
Those Murtherers of *fanatic* Rome.

Till then, thou bidst thy servants rest,
Who suffered death for conscience sake,
And wait to rise completely blest
The general triumph to partake;
To see the righteous Judge come down
And boldly claim the Martyr's crown.

O D E

FOR THE

BIRTHDAY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF
WALES.

AUGUST 12, 1782.

[From Rivington's Royal Gazette; Nov. 2, 1782.]

WHO dares—tho' ev'n of patriot name—
To rise, and wrong a Royal Heir?
Shall colonies—his kindred claim—
No more be Britain's care?
Still Britain's care! tho' *Proteus* breed
The ruin of the realm decreed—
When cherish'd in a court—
Alluring nations, in their *play*,
To cast at once a *World* away—
And cry—"We were in sport!"
Ye sophist sons, no more conspire,
To fan the flame with baneful breath;
Nor deal your desolating fire,
And arrows dipp'd in death!

Avaunt, ingrates ! sink in your native night
Who dare to alienate a GEORGE'S ROYAL RIGHT !

Thou *Great Supreme*, in ev'ry Age,
 'Midst judgment mix'd thy mercy mild,
Deal with the nations, as the sage
 Dealt with the matrons and the doubtful child.
The states and kingdoms all combin'd
Compose *One* of unnat'ral kind,
Nor can affection know—
 From Britain only can compassion flow !
'Tis Britain, long a mother's care exprest,
Still longs to press her offspring to her tender breast.
 Beguiled sons, of British name,
 Still Britain's care, still Britain's claim ;
Nor can she e'er from her affection swerve :—
Return, and with her every blessing share :
 She aims but to restore, and still preserve
The right she *must* maintain to GEORGE, HER ROYAL HEIR !

GENERAL WATERBURY'S FAREWELL TO HIS SOLDIERS.

[These lines, said to have been written extemporaneously by a young lady, of Stanford, Conn., on occasion of Gen. David Waterbury being removed from his command of the troops of that state, which had been raised to defend the frontiers and coast against royalist invasion. He is charged by the Loyalists of that time with great cruelties towards them, though himself on the British half-pay: usually giving them thirty-nine lashes each, and then confining them in Simsbury mines. From Rivington's Royal Gazette, No. 572, for March 23, 1782.⁸⁹]

My Soldiers all,
To you I call,
Pray lend a list'ning ear;
And you shall find
What plagues the mind
Of him you lov'd so dear.

Now do you see,
What's death to me,
I feel myself decline:

What shall I do ?
It causes Woe
To think I must resign.

I soon shall yield
To Squire Canfield,
Who takes my place and station :
Then I'm afraid
The *London trade*
Will over-run our nation.

Those works which I
Have built so high,
Will now be quite neglected ;
Did but the frame
Bear my own name
I'd not be thus dejected.

In the late alarm
I meant no harm,
But acted prudent then :
For, do you see,
I hid the key,
And sav'd both stores and men.

And sure 'tis right,
When in a fright,
To fly without delay :
For now my men
May fight again,
Upon some other day.

But I'm so vex'd,
And so perplex'd,
For fear I may be taken,
That though you scoff,
I will move off
And try to save my bacon.



AN EPITAPH

ON THE POLITICAL DEATH OF DAVID WATERBURY, THE STANFORD HERO.

HERE lies in state,
David the Great,
A hero in his estimation.
His flesh was found
Without a wound :
He dy'd of a *Mortification*.

THE BATTLE OF CANE CREEK.

[From Caruther's 'Old North State;' p. 223. These fragmentary verses are curious, as being one of the very few local Tory ballads of the South that remain to us. Colonel Hector Macneill, the leader of the Scots, a veteran and gallant soldier; and Captain Neill Macneill, of Cumberland county, N. C., are referred to towards the conclusion.⁹⁰]

THE Governor and Council in Hillsboro' sought,
To establish some new laws the Tories to stop.

They thought themselves safe, so went on with their show:
But the face of bold Fanning proved their overthrow.

We took Governor Burke with a sudden surprise,
As he sate upon horseback, just ready to ride.

We took all their cannon and colours in town,
And formed our brave boys, and marched out of town.

But the rebels pursued us, and gave a broadside,
That caused our brave colonel to fall dead on his side.

The flower of our company was wounded full sore :
'Twas Captain Macneill, and two or three more.

TO NEIGHBOUR HOLT

ON HIS EMBLEMATICAL TWISTIFICATION.

[From Rivington's Gazetteer, Jan. 19, 1775. John Holt, the publisher of the New York Journal, in 1774 discarded the royal arms as a head-piece to his paper, and substituted a broken snake, with the motto: "Unite or die." In Jan. 1775, this again gave way to a snake encircling a column of liberty, &c.: see Thomas Hist. Printing, ii. 307. One of the allusions below will be better understood by reference to the original cut: it cannot be explained here.]

'Tis true, Johnny Holt, you have caus'd us some pain,
By changing your *Head-piece* again and again;
But then to your praise it may justly be said,
You have giv'n us a notable *Tail-piece* instead.
'Tis true, that the Arms of a good British King
Have been forc'd to give way to a Snake—with a Sting;
Which some would interpret, as tho' it implied
That the King by a wound of that Serpent had died.
But now must their Malice all sink into Shade,
By the happy device which you lately display'd;
And Tories themselves be convinc'd you are slander'd
Who see you've erected the *Right Royal Standard!*

Notes.



NOTES.

1. The American Times is here printed from the text given in *The Cow-Chace*, &c., (N. Y. 1780,) collated with an earlier copy in the Fisher MSS. On another occasion, I hope to present a biographical notice of its author; whose pseudonym of Camillo Querno, the poet and buffoon of Leo X, was probably suggested by that writer's application of a lofty measure and learned conceits to trivial subjects. The reader will recall Pope's lines; (Dunciad, ii. 13;)

Not with more glee, with hands pontific crown'd,
With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,
Thron'd on seven hills, the antichrist of wit.

For more of Querno, see Warburton's note on the above passage; Pope's paper on the Poet Laureate; *Stradæ Prolusiones*; Oxon. 1745, p. 244; *Spectator*, No. 617; Bayle's Dict. art. Leo. X. Prefaced to the edition of the Times, of 1780, appears this advertisement.

"The masters of Reason have decided, that when doctrines and practices have been fairly examined, and proved to be contrary to

Truth, and injurious to Society, then and not before may Ridicule be lawfully employed in the Service of Virtue.

"This is exactly the case of the grand American Rebellion ; it has been weighed in the balance, and found wanting : able writers have exposed its principles, its conduct, and its final aim. Reason has done her part, and therefore this is the legitimate moment for Satire.

"Accordingly the following Piece is offered to the Public. What it is found to want of Genius, the Author cannot supply ; what it may want of Correction, he hopes the candor of the Public will excuse on account of the fugitive nature of the subject : next year the publication would be too late ; for in all probability there will then be no Congress existing."

- 2. In Mr. Fisher's MS., these two lines succeed :

Should Atley summon to his savage bar,
To tremble at his rod be from us far.

William Augustus Atley was one of the court which convicted Roberts and Carlisle.

3. Of the American leaders, Warren, Irvine, Mercer, &c., had been physicians ; Reed, Sullivan, &c., lawyers ; and others were tradesmen, farmers, mechanics and innkeepers : one was even a divine ordained by the Bishop of London. Among the inferior grades, there were many who incurred the ridicule of their own comrades (see Graydon and Thacher), as well as of the British : who were very merry over the capture of a whig officer on Long Island (Dec. 1777,) with his commission and two silver spoons in

his pocket. Proof is not wanting that some of our officers were unfit to be trusted, as in the case of Col. Nicholas Housegger, of a Pennsylvania regiment, who went over to the enemy, and of Alex. McDowall, adjutant of Col. Welles's Connecticut regiment, who was hanged for desertion 21 March, 1781. In the Penna. Ledger, No. 101, under London dates of June 3, 1777, is this story: "A young fellow named Dawkins, who was some time since tried at Chelmsford Assize, and transported for stealing cheese, &c., has, we hear, just sent a letter to his mother, informing her the American Congress have presented him with a Captain's commission. He says several other Essex patriots, who like himself were torn from their dearest connections, and banished for their firm attachment to the cause of *Liberty*, now rank high in the American Army."

4. Gen. Charles Lee, the scourge of Toryism. In 1776, he threatened that if the British ships in the harbor fired a single house in New York, he would "chain a hundred of their friends by the neck, and make the house their funeral pile." At Newport he was equally severe. Nor was he more guarded in his intercourse with his own party, as will be seen from the following passage in his letter to R. H. Lee, of 5 Apr. 1776, where after speaking of the Virginia whigs, he says; "but from Pendleton, Bland, the Treasnrer & Co., libera nos Domine: Pendleton is certainly naturally a man of sense, but I can assure you that the other night in a conversation I had with him on the subject of independence, He talk'd or rather stammer'd what would have disgraced the lips of an old midwife drunk with bohea Tea and gin. Bland says that the Author of

Common Sense is a blockhead and ignoramus, for that he has grossly mistaken the nature of the Jewish Theocracy." This passage is omitted in R. H. Lee's *Life* (ii. 215), but it exists in the Lee MSS. in the Am. Phil. Soc. A curious anecdote of his habitual brusquerie is given by Lauzun (*Mémoires*: i. 169).

5.

— mischief on thy brow.—*Fisher MS.*

William Livingston: "late a lawyer; now the rebel Governor of New Jersey." (Author's note.) "A plain man, tall, black, wears his hair; nothing elegant or genteel about him. They say he is no public speaker, but very sensible and learned, and a ready writer." (J. Adams: *Diary*, Sept. 1, 1774.) In June, 1776, he was dropped from the Jersey delegation to Congress, "under a strong persuasion that he was not favourable to independency," and Dr. Witherspoon sent in his stead: but in the next September, was chosen governor. "There was an equal number of votes for him and Mr. Stockton; but the latter having just at the moment refused to furnish his team or horses for the service of the public, and the legislature coming to the knowledge of it, the choice of Mr. Livingston took place immediately." (Gordon: ii. 277; 300.) The famous *Marquis de Lisle* papers, usually credited to Gen. Conway, were ascribed to Livingston. (Penn. Ledger; No. 151.) His conduct to the British and Tories was very severe. Witness his piece signed *Adolphus*, and his message to the Assembly. (N. J. Gaz. Feb. 25; March 4; 1778.) He even went so far as to hang for traitors Jersey loyalists who had taken up arms for the king.

6.

Who, who is this, more gentle and humane;
Whose words fall softer than the vernal rain?
Beneath his honey'd tongue yet poisons lurk:
Say, is it Belial, or John Jay of York?—*Fisher MS.*

John Jay, "late a lawyer of New-York, member and President of Congress, &c." (Author's note.) His temperate course is well described by Mr. Flanders. Of the highest integrity and parts, he "was eminently a man of prudence and caution. He was not sagacious of the future. His watch, unlike Talleyrand's, did not go faster than his neighbor's." Hence the loyalists may, at the outset, have supposed him not in favor of Independence. Some of the whigs at that time were certainly prejudiced against him. J. Adams says (Oct. 11, 1774,) that Patrick Henry expressed "a horrid opinion of Galloway, Jay, and the Rutledges. Their system, he says, would ruin the cause of America. He is very impatient to see such fellows, and not be at liberty to describe them in their true colors." Once possessed with the false idea that Jay's unbiassed opinions were the same as their own, it is not strange that the Tories distrusted his sincerity. See also Adams: x. 79, 410.

7. Samuel Chase, "a lawyer of Maryland—member of Congress," (Author's note :) was the son of Rev. Thos. Chase, of St. Paul's parish, Baltimore, who died Apr. 4, 1779, aged 79. The son was a thorough-going whig, but of a very violent temper. The tories, to whom he was not very merciful, had "a horrid opinion" of him, as Henry would say. He opposed the present Constitution, and was the Judge Chase who was afterwards impeached. He seems to have always had enemies. Gordon insinuates a very unpleasant story against him in July, 1778, and Cobbett, describing his house being threatened by a mob in Nov. 1798, impudently says: "While Judge Chase was sitting up and passing the night in fear of his life, I should be glad to know if he reflected on the *cause* which led to

his danger—*his rebellion against his sovereign?*” (Gordon ; ii. 288 : iii. 178.)

8. “A merchant of Philadelphia, the credit of whose house gave the first sanction to the continental currency—late a member of Congress.” (Author’s note.) The services and the misfortunes of Mr. Morris are well known: Turner’s Hist. Holland Purchase, p. 187, has a capital sketch of him.

9. In other Times unnoticed he might pass;
These Times can make a statesman of an ass.—*Fisher MS.*

Gouverneur Morris, “a lawyer of New-York, member of Congress.” (Author’s note.) In connection with this charge of self-sufficiency, I will mention an anecdote derived from one who was the subject of Morris’s warmest eulogy. At a dinner-table in London, he is said to have remarked to Mr. Fox; “I don’t think much of your India Bill, Mr. Fox.” “Have you read it, sir?” was the reply. Morris not at all disconcerted by the fact that he had *not* read it, remained some time longer at the table; but when he left the room, Fox broke out: “They may talk as they please of Scotch impertinence and of Irish insolence—but for matchless impudence, give me an American!” I do not see that his authorship of an Address to the Quakers, printed in the Penn. Packet, Feb. 27, 1779, is mentioned in his works. With other good and great men, he is scurrilously libelled in the Hamiltoniad. Pasquin says he was not sent to the federal constitutional convention by his own State, but through Robert Morris’s influence, from Pennsylvania. I believe that to his polishing hand we owe the present form of the constitu-

tion. Pasquin also says: "When the constitution for the federal city was to be formed, Gouverneur's first article was, *There shall be a d—ned strong Jail*. He certainly did not mean it for himself; but had he staid a few days longer in France he would have known what a strong jail was, and energy too, for the committee of public safety had intercepted some letters, and they sent a guard to the house where he used to live, to arrest him and take him to prison," &c. This same scamp is the only post-revolutionary writer that I recollect as quoting from Odell. He applies this line to Morris;

"On all things talkable he boldly talks."

10. Wm. Duer and James Duane, "lawyers of New-York—members of Congress—amiable in the former part of their lives—now alas, how changed!" (Author's note.) Col. Duer was a good and brave, but an unfortunate man. A very dirty hack, who came hither from Grub Street after the war, says he "afterwards broke on a land speculation, for several millions of dollars, and died in confinement at New-York." (Hamiltoniad, p. 22.) Duane's life is in Doc. Hist. N. Y. iv. 641. "He is of a gay character, has no objection to talk, and drinks without reluctance." (Chastellux, i. 218.) He is "the mild and meek Duane" of the whig poets. In the congress of 1774, he sided with Galloway, and in that of 1775, defeated a resolution to seize Gov. Tryon; declaring him to be as good a friend to the American cause as any one present; an assertion which led to an instant altercation with Langdon of N. H. He seems to have been an upright and conscientious man, though J. Adams thought him sly and artful. His being a Churchman and his aversion to extreme measures, as well as his dislike to Gates,

and, perhaps, to New England, were not calculated to win universal favor.

11. Judges ; ix ; 8—15. "Jothan's fable of the trees is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any that have been made since that time."—Addison.

12. "Cooper, Hancock, and the two Adams's—of the first of them only can it be necessary to say anything: Dr. Cooper is a congregational minister of Boston, and the oracle of those few rebels, who are in the secret of affairs.—If a human being can take delight in having been the author of misery, this man must be one of the happiest in the creation!" (Author's note.) In John Adams's Works, ii. 163, is an interesting sketch of Samuel Adams, in 1765. His politics were what would now be called radical, and were not welcome to the tories nor to all the whigs. "Mr. Samuel Adams" wrote Barbé-Marbois to M. de Vergennes, March 13, 1782—"delights in trouble and difficulty." In later years he was Hancock's political enemy; and indeed, so early as 1778, the Penn. Ledger, No. 133, says they had broken with each other. Mr. Sabine notices the old tory imputation, that he "was a defaulting collector of taxes, and paid up his arrears of money in abuse of honest men." It rests on the same uncertain foundation with the tale that J. Adams became a whig because he was denied a commission of the peace.

Of Hancock, who was, it is said, on the point of joining the tory party before the contest began, some curious traits are given by J. Adams; particularly of his vexation at not receiving the chief

command, in lieu of Washington. His "prevailing foible was a fondness for official distinction," says Mr. C. F. Adams. "His equipage was splendid and magnificent; and such as at present is unknown in America. His apparel was sumptuously embroidered with gold and silver lace, and all the other decorations fashionable among men of fortune at that day; he rode, especially upon public occasions, with six beautiful bays, and with servants in livery. He was graceful and prepossessing in manners, and very passionately addicted to what are called the elegant pleasures of life: to dancing, music, concerts, routs, assemblies, card parties, rich wines, social dinners and festivities." The Penn. Ledger of March 11, 1778, says he "rides in an elegant chariot, taken from a prize to the *Civil Usage* privateer, and presented to him by the owners, with four servants in superb livery, finely mounted." J. Adams, Nov. 17, 1777, notes in his Diary: "The taverners are complaining of the guard of light-horse which attended Mr. H. They did not pay, and the taverners were obliged to go after them to demand their dues. The expense, which is supposed to be the country's, is unpopular. The Tories laugh at the tavern-keepers, who have often turned them out of their houses for abusing Mr. H. They now scoff at them for being imposed upon by their king, as they call him. Vanity is always mean; vanity is never rich enough to be generous." Here is evidence of an alienation of feeling, which is perhaps alluded to by Trumbull, Sept. 1, 1777: "Is it known in your state [the Massachusetts] that the president [Hancock] is with the Yorkers and Southern Bashaws: that if he wants anything moved, his brother delegates are not applied to, but the motion comes from Duane, or some other person of no better character;

and that there is no harmony between him and his brethren?" (Gordon; ii. 502; iii. 20.) But the most damaging attack Hancock ever received was from the *Writings of Laco* (Boston, 1789); an anonymous author, whose secret has never transpired. Doubtless envy of his elegant tastes and superior fortune had no small share in producing the dislike with which Hancock was often held by his less favored countrymen. In this connexion, the following extract from an unpublished letter from Wm. Palfrey to Gen. Greene (14 Jan. 1779) may be interesting.

"I have just returned from spending a fortnight with our worthy friend, General Hancock, who often mentioned you with great pleasure. He has been laid up with the gout, but is so far recover'd as to be able to attend the Assembly, which is now sitting. There seems to be a coolness between him and General Gates. Neither they or their Ladies have visited each other. Gen. G. seems not very well pleased with his situation, and I believe wishes most heartily to return to his Sabine Fields. His family have been involved in quarrels almost ever since they have been in the place, which bid fair to proceed to such a length that the civil authority thought proper to interpose. Mr. Bob. Gates and Mr. Carter have fought, but it proved a bloodless encounter." (Greene MSS. Am. Phil. Soc.) The allusion in the text to the costume of the Bostonian patriots is curious.

13. "Gates and Wayne, rebel generals—the former, one of the most ungrateful Englishmen; the latter, one of the most sanguinary Americans." (Author's note.) Gordon's insinuation (iv. 356;) that at the meeting of the officers on the Hudson in 1783,

Gates was in favor of the extreme steps indicated by the Newburg letters of Armstrong, his aide, may be cited as an instance of the different points of view in which two men may regard the same character. As to Wayne, though he was not free from those generous failings which so often accompany the soldier, (Lee's South. Camp. ii; 203 :) Stony Point proves him to have been anything rather than sanguinary in his temper. He was no milksop, to hesitate at a necessary destruction of life: but he was not cruel or vindictive.

14. The physical condition of our army was often very bad. That it suffered vastly from hunger and the elements is well-known. Gordon (ii; 142; 205;) relates many things relevant to the rest of this passage. In Oct. 1775, he writes: "Many of the Americans have sickened and died of the dysentery, brought on them, in a great measure, through an inattention to cleanliness. When at home, their female relations put them upon washing their hands and faces, and keeping themselves neat and clean: but being absent from such monitors, through an indolent heedless turn of mind, they have neglected the means of health, have grown filthy, and have poisoned their constitutions by nastiness." Of the troops at New York in 1776, he says: "However as they (especially the Connecticut soldiers, whom some pronounce the dirtiest people on the continent) are not particularly attentive to cleanliness, the owners of the houses where they are quartered, if ever they get possession of them, must be years in cleaning them, unless they get new floors, and new plaister the walls." And see Smyth's Tour: i. 18. Gordon is constantly cited, not only because he is often con-

firmed by other writers, but also because of his being a Massachusetts clergyman in the whig interest, who wrote things when and as he saw them. Thus Cobbett called him "a vile, vicious Calvinist, who wrote to humour a disaffected set in Great Britain, and who sought for nothing but accusations against the British government and the British army." (Porc. Works; ix; 30.) He tells home-truths that others would suppress. Adams complains therefore of 'Parson Gordon of Roxbury' as "not sufficiently tender of the character of our Province, upon which at this time much depends;" and fears "his indiscreet prate will do harm in this city:" (Philadelphia, 1775.) But Mr. C. F. Adams speaks rather well of his book; and Frothingham rates him "a historian of established reputation for fidelity." Hence he may be cited to show at least the *whig view* of the period on certain matters noted.

15. All Europe being then at peace, the commencement of the war in America offered such attractions to military men, that several of the most distinguished officers of English extraction, in the French service, got permission to go to London to offer their swords to the king. But the insurgent cause being the most popular, numbers of foreign officers, through the intervention of Beaumarchais and Deane, came over to its aid. Of these were Steuben, Pulaski, etc. Usually, Congress refused to ratify the engagements Beaumarchais had made, and many of the new officers were sent back. Thus they who came in 1777 with Ducoudray, on leave of absence for two years from their corps in France, returned at once in discontent. A number, however, participated in the battle of Brandywine before departing; where De Borre, who had been made a

general officer, incurred so much censure that he threw up his commission and went home in a great rage. "It was not his fault," he said, "if American troops would run away." Still Beaumarchais refers to more than a hundred whom he had thus sent over, who stayed, and fought and died here: but here he is probably talking a little loosely. (Beaumarchais; Œuv. Comp. v. 29, 90: Virg. Hist. Reg. i. 175, 177: Gordon; ii. 512.) The Abbé Robin says the first French officers who came over were a set of swindlers and impostors: "men loaded with debts, and ruined at home in their reputation; and yet, by assuming titles and fictitious names, they obtained distinguishing ranks in the American army, received advances of money to a considerable amount, and then immediately disappeared." (New Travels through America, p. 19.) And even in the auxiliary army, there seems to have been many jealousies of each other and of Rochambeau, who had assented to the resolve of M. de Laval and others to decline serving under La Fayette. Though he had obtained rank in America, the marquis was yet a schoolboy when many of them were French field-officers. (Lauzun; ii. 169.)

16.

— and hold up the Hand.—*Fisher MS.*

Washington had hosts of enemies—not only among the tories, who openly calumniated him with their charges of cruelty, ambition, natural children, and the like—but also among the whigs; many of whom opposed his appointment, disparaged his worth, and strove bitterly to degrade him from his command.

17. Perhaps in allusion to the besiegers of Boston, in 1775, "turning the Episcopal church at Cambridge into a barrack, and melting down the organ pipes into bullets."

18. "McKean and Reed; the former rebel chief justice, the latter rebel President of Pennsylvania. Roberts and Carlisle, both Quakers, and virtuous, inoffensive citizens." (Author's note.) John Roberts and Abraham Carlisle were in 1778 hanged for treason at Philadelphia: "a city of which their forefathers were among the founders, in which they themselves were born, and in which they had long been universally respected and beloved." Gen. Reed was of counsel for the state in the prosecution, and Chief-justice McKean was the presiding judge. Their execution created a feeling in the community that is not yet worn out. A conviction had not been agreed on by the juries without great reluctance; and it is a curious fact that on all the other indictments for treason then pending, there was thereafter no verdict of guilty: while the grand inquest ignored every new bill sent to them.

19. "The rebel governor of Georgia, driven from his usurped authority by the British forces." (Author's note.) John, son of Sir Patrick Houstoun, was elected by the whigs, 8 Jan. 1778: but lost his chair by the fall of Savannah. See White; 209; 211. J. Adams; ii. 422; 423.

20. "Henry and Jefferson, rebel governors of Virginia in succession; the latter of them so eminently barbarous, as to exceed the conception of a British mind." (Author's note.)

21. "Wharton and Reed, rebel presidents of Pennsylvania in succession." (Author's note.) Thos. Wharton, jr. died in office, and Reed was elected Dec. 1778.

22. "William Alexander, Esquire, claiming the title of Earl of Stirling; a rebel general." (Author's note.) "He is accused of liking the table and the bottle, full as much as becomes a Lord, but more than becomes a General. He is brave, but without capacity, and has not been fortunate in the different commands with which he has been entrusted." (Chastellux: i. 117.) His Life, by Mr. Duer, is very interesting, and gives another complexion to his character.

23. "Count Pulaski met with his death in storming Savannah, an event which happened several months after the writing of this poem—the prediction contained in it therefore has been fulfilled with respect to the deserved fate of this wretched man." (Author's note.) Count Casimir Pulaski's legion, "badly equipped and worse mounted," was "made up of all sorts, chiefly German deserters. His officers were generally foreign, with some Americans. * * * He was sober, diligent and intrepid, very gentlemanly in his manners, and amiable in heart. He was very reserved, and, when alone, betrayed strong evidence of deep melancholy. Those who knew him intimately, spoke highly of the sublimity of his friendship, and the constancy of his virtue." (White's Hist. Coll. Ga. 309: Lee's War in South. Dep. i. 84; 108.) His Polish adventures are curious: see R. Lamb's Am. War; Wraxall; and the Chevalier de Faublas of Louvet de Couvray. Capt. Patrick Fer-

guson justified his own conduct at Little Egg Harbor in 1778 by the untrue assertion that Pulaski, in general orders, had forbade the giving quarter. The tale rested on the information of a deserter: "information," says Mr. Irving, "which proved to be false." On Aug. 19, 1779, Pulaski thus wrote: "Such has been my lot, that nothing less than my honor, which I will never forfeit, retains me in a service, which ill treatment makes me begin to abhor. Every proceeding respecting myself has been so thoroughly mortifying, that nothing but the integrity of my heart, and the fervency of my zeal, supports me under it." (Gordon: ii; 332.)

24. "James Wilson, Esquire, born in Scotland: settled as a lawyer in Pennsylvania, of eminence in his profession, and amiable in private life—late a member of Congress." (Author's note.) In Sept. 1777, he and George Clymer were "superseded" in congress by Joseph Reed, Wm. Cline, and Dr. Samuel Duffield. He was charged with not having been an original friend to Independence. Afterwards, with no just cause, he became so odious to some of the Philadelphia whigs that his liberty, and even his life, were endangered by the mob.

25. "A merchant of Philadelphia, member of Congress." (Author's note.) Daniel Roberdeau was an active whig in Philadelphia, and a general of the militia.

26. "Doctor of Divinity—member of Congress." (Author's note.) Dr. John Witherspoon, whose confinement in Doune castle by "Charlie and his men" in 1746, is told of in Home's Works (ed.

H. Mackenzie;) iii. 169, got into trouble at home by his attacks on "flaws in the principles and practice" of some of the ministry and laity; and damages were obtained against him at Paisley. In 1768—"not from interested motives," says his Scottish biographer—he accepted the charge of the college of New Jersey: for which, in 1783, he went back to Britain to ask aid. His failure was doubtless owing to the prominent part he had enacted in America during the war. (Biog. Signers; v. 99. Chamber's Diet. Em. Scots. v. 437.) In compliment to him, Congress struck out the Scotch from "the foreign mercenary troops" of the Declaration.

27. The loyalty of Scotland during the war was conspicuous. Thousands of men were raised by the gentry for the royal service; and the Address to the king, in 1777, of the General Assembly of the Established (or Presbyterian) Kirk, in reference to the American contest, breathes a spirit as uncompromising as that generally imputed to the Church of England. (Gordon: ii; 452.)

28. "Rev. Mr. White, assistant minister of the churches at Philadelphia, and chaplain of Congress jointly with Mr. Duffield, a presbyterian." (Author's note.) Against a character so pure and apostolic as Bishop White's, even satire can insinuate nothing save that he was at one time in favor of continuing for a season the American Church without an episcopacy. He afterwards suppressed his tract on this subject, and it is now very rare. During the war, Adams says he "behaved with uniform candor, moderation and decorum." (x. 186.)

29. Wm. Smith, D. D., provost of the college at Philadelphia, was a man very variously esteemed by his contemporaries. Of fine literary abilities, (*Mem. Hist. Soc. Penn.* ii. pt. 2, 93. iii. 188.) his numerous essays, moral, poetical, and political, attracted deserved admiration. He took too an early stand against the ministry: but being very obnoxious to the presbyterians of the province, and not falling into all the measures of the more violent whigs, he was ill-treated by them. (*Reed's Reed*, i. 67: ii. 169.) J. Adams in 1774 speaks of "Dr. Smith, the famous Dr. Smith, the provost of the college. He appears a plain man, tall and rather awkward; there is an appearance of art." A Philadelphian had cautioned Adams against him, as "looking up to government for an American Episcopate and a pair of lawn sleeves. Soft, polite, insinuating, adulating, sensible, learned, industrious, indefatigable." His sermon before the city militia in 1775 was certainly patriotic, yet on Jan. 6, 1776, the Committee met to enquire into the conduct and conversation of 'Parson Smith,' and Christopher Marshall complains with not a little pique of the "equivocal and unmeaning" language of John Mease, the committee's witness, "beneath the dignity of a member of society, much less of this Committee and of Safety, in order to exculpate the said Smith;" so "that no hold could, at present, be taken of him." But Marshall was one of the doctor's local political enemies. The confidence of the community must have been unshaken, since, Feb. 19, 1776, we find Congress, the Assembly, the city corporation, the committee of safety, &c., with Marshall himself, marching in procession to hear a discourse on Montgomery from Smith at "the Calvinist Church in Race Street." (*Remembrancer*: 61; 68.) He was probably not warm

for Independence, since on the question of thanking him by Congress (Feb. 21,) it was successfully objected by Chase, Adams, &c., that he had declared the sentiments of that body to still be for dependency on England. W. Livingston, Willing, Wilson and Duane were for thanking him. In 1777, he was included, as a dangerous character, by the Executive Council of the state in the Order of Arrest of Sunday, Aug. 31st. His congregation seems to have held to him, however, and he appears to have been exempted from imprisonment by giving a parole, which was discharged June 30, 1779. (Col. Rec. xi. 283; 288; 525.) The character of this Order, however, ought to prevent any inferences from it; and I am not aware of any legal evidence ever being produced against him. Still, he seems to have been under a cloud. (Adams: x. 186.) Greatly through his exertions, subscriptions not far short of £50,000 had been collected, in 1762, for the Philadelphia college. The list was headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury; and as Smith was provost, and Allison, a presbyterian, the vice-provost, it was generally deemed not exactly such a sectional institution as those of Yale, Harvard, King's, and New Jersey. There was no undue religious partiality. But in 1779, the religious and political enemies of Dr. Smith being temporarily in power, the college charter was abrogated, and its funds given to a new corporation. This step was in violation of a provision of the constitution of 1776, prepared by Dr. Smith and carried through by Dr. Franklin expressly to cover the college's case; and was evidently induced by personal enmity to the provost: testifying, as Bishop White said, "of what little effect are provisions put on paper, when they interfere with the views of a dominant party in politics." Despite the legislature's slights,

Dr. Smith preserved the esteem of the army. After the war, he was chosen by the Cincinnati as their orator. I have before me, from Dr. Franklin's library, a benevolent work published by Dr. Smith in 1759. Appended to his name on the title page, are some lines in Franklin's writing. It is curious to observe how the private sentiment of the doctor of laws for the doctor of divinity, after being bottled up for eight and ninety years, at last sees the light. To be sure, Smith had given ample cause of affront when, in the American Magazine for October, 1758, he declared that the electrical discoveries claimed by Franklin were communicated to him by Kinnersley, to whom alone their credit was due: but still it is not likely that when he wrote his famous eulogy on Dr. Franklin, he had any knowledge of this inscription on himself. The italics, &c., are Franklin's own:

Full many a *peevish, envious, slanderous elf*
 Is, in his works, Benevolence itself.
 For all mankind, unknown, his bosom heaves,
 He only injures those with whom he lives.
 Read then *the Man*; does truth his actions guide,
 Exempt from *petulance*, exempt from *pride*?
 To social duties does his heart attend,
 As son, as father, husband, brother, *friend*?
Do those who know him love him? if they do,
 You've *my* permission, you may love him too.

30. "Moultrie, Lincoln, Elbert, Ashe—Rebel generals employed in the southward—for their feats of arms consult the London Gazette." (Author's note.) The Fisher MS. gives Elliot for Elbert: probably Col. Bernard Elliot. Wm. Moultrie and Benj. Lincoln (Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc. 2nd S. iii. 231) are well known. Samuel Elbert led the Georgia brigade in the defeat at Savannah, Jan. 1779.

"Few conquests," says McCall, "have ever been made with so little loss to the victor." He was captured when Brigadier Ashe's command was cut up, in March, 1779; of which Lee says; "Censure cannot be withheld from Ashe's inattention at Briar Creek." (South. Camp. i. cc. xi; xii. White; 215; 633.) These officers were all active in the war.

31. ——— wretched, bloodstain'd, cruel pair. *Fisher MS.*

"Reed and M'Kean. Vide note in the first part of this poem." (Author's note.) Thomas M'Kean's opponents were not confined to the tory ranks. His political life in after years brought out a host of enemies; the most rancorous of whom was William Cobbett, who boasts of having immortalized the governor in every country where the English language is spoken. (See Porcupine's Works; xii: Index.) During the revolution, his most bitter antagonist among the whigs seems to have been Gen. Wm. Thompson. (Porcupine; xi. 47; 99: Pa. Col. Rec. xi. 659.) He and Reed do not appear to have been very warm friends in later life.

32. "Nephew and heir of the late Rev'd Dr. Peters, of Philadelphia, and Secretary at War to the Congress." (Author's note.) Richard Peters, of facetious memory, was Secretary of the Board of War of 1776, and one of the members of the re-modelled board of 1777. Chastellux thus describes him at a dinner-party. "Mr. Peters, the Minister at War, gave the signal of joy and liberty by favoring us with a song of his composition, so jolly, and so free, that I shall dispense with giving either a translation or an extract. This was really a very excellent song. He then sung another more

chaste, and more musical; a very fine Italian *cantabile*. Mr. Peters is, unquestionably, the Minister of the two Worlds, who has the best voice, and who sings the best, the pathetic and the *bouffon*." He was afterwards for many years a federal judge at Philadelphia.

33. The Scotch-Irish presbyterians of York and Cumberland, Penn., were thus called, probably for an obvious reason. See Goddard's Partnership, &c., p. 20; and Praise-God Barebones, (an election ballad against Mr. Dickinson,) pp. 11-15. The reader will recall Dr. Johnson's "old yellow wig." (Colman's Random Records; i. 108.)

34. Henry Laurens, "late President of Congress. The writer of this piece had an opportunity of narrowly watching his conduct, and the character here given is the faithful result of observation; nevertheless it must be owned that some competent judges have thought the portrait too favourable." (Author's note.) He was a Carolinian merchant of wealth, honored by the world for his integrity, generosity and hospitality. In 1769, some of his ships were seized for infractions of the revenue laws, and he and Sir Egerton Leigh published some very curious tracts. *The Man Unmasked* is the title of Sir Egerton's reply to one by Laurens: it accuses L. of an undue lech for popular favor, and gives some interesting particulars about him; his military title, blue uniform coat, mustaches and the like.

35. At the beginning of the war there was probably, outside of

New England, a great aversion to Democracies. With many of the leading whigs this repugnance was not soon subdued. In a MS. before me, John Adams, in 1806, says: "I have never doubted that America would be added to the vast catalogue of nations who would not be saved by precepts nor examples. Nothing but a balanced government can save any nation from the tyranny of the many, the few, or the one, and no nation ever was long united in understanding or preserving a balance. England has preserved it longer than any nation ever did before, and England but imperfectly: and there is reason to fear that her's is approaching to its end, to be succeeded by a short *dominatio plebis* and then by an emperor." By a balanced government he seems to have meant an hereditary senate and executive. Thus, in 1790, he wrote: "I will candidly confess that an hereditary Senate, without an hereditary Executive, would diminish the prerogatives of the President and the Liberties of the People. But I contend that hereditary descent in both, when controuled by an independent representation of the people, is better than corrupted, turbulent and bloody elections, and the knowledge you have of the human heart will concur with your knowledge of the history of nations to convince you that elections of presidents and senators cannot be long conducted in a populous, opulent and commercial nation, without corruption, sedition and civil war."

36. "Rev'd Dr. Inglis, Rector of New York, a man whose writings in the cause of Truth and Loyalty, of the King and Constitution, deserve the highest encomiums." (*Author's note.*) Dr. Charles Inglis was among the refugees who settled in Nova Scotia, of which pro-

vince he was made Bishop. He died in 1816, in his 82nd year. His son, Dr. John Inglis, has since been made Bishop of the same see. (*Sabine's Loyalists*; 381.)

37. "A lawyer and member of Congress—a principal member of that detestable convention, which ruined the valuable constitution of Pennsylvania." (Author's note.) James Smith of York co. Penn: a very eccentric character, but an early and an extreme whig. *Biog. Signers*; vii. 179.

38. Col. Thomas Hartley of Chambersburg: "a lawyer of the same province, and a colonel in the rebel service." (Author's note.)

39. John Dickinson: "a member of Congress—the reputed author of the Farmer's Letters." (Author's note.)

40. "Late a member of Congress: author of many seditious pieces—since this poem was written he died at Philadelphia." (Author's note.) It is needless to add more here of W. H. Drayton, since perhaps no reader can say with Lien Chi Altangi; "Drayton, I replied! I have never heard of him before!" (*Goldsmith's Citizen of the World*: letter xiii.)

41. "Rev'd Dr. [Samuel] Chandler, long since driven by the rebels from New-Jersey, now resident in England." (Author's note.) Daniel Coxe, Esq., "member of his Majesty's Council for New-Jersey, now residing in New-York." (*Ib.*) And see *Sabine's Loyalists*, 206; 232.

42. "Of New-England, a man famous for every infamy." (Author's note.) "After many years of incessant exertion, employed in the establishment of the independence of America," Samuel Adams died in 1803, says Rogers (*Am. Biog.* 18.), "in indigent circumstances." Like Hancock, he was buried in the Granary burial-ground at Boston; "and not a stone tells where he lies." Mr. Jas. S. Loring, however, in his paper on S. Adams, ascertains the tomb. "His bones have been gathered by his grandson into a box, and deposited in a corner of the vault." In 1814, John Adams expresses his dread of expiring "like Sam. Adams, a grief and distress to his family, a weeping, helpless object of compassion for years." The text is again curiously illustrated by another letter of J. Adams, written a few months later. In speaking of himself, as having survived most of his comrades in the war, he says: "Can there be any deeper damnation in this universe than to be condemned to a long life, in danger, toil, and anxiety; to be rewarded only with abuse, insult, and slander; and to die at seventy, leaving to an amiable wife and nine amiable children nothing for an inheritance but the contempt, hatred, and malice of the world? How much prettier a thing it is to be a disinterested patriot, like Washington and Franklin, live and die among the hosannas and adorations of the multitude, and leave half a million to one child or no child!" (J. Adams: x. 100. 106.)

43. "Lee and Silas Deane, Congress Commissioners in France." (Author's note.) Deane, says Cheetham, was very illiterate. The reader will recollect that curious passage in *iii. Dipl. Corr.* 1783—9, p. 428, where, (July, 1788,) Jefferson writes to Jay that he had

lately had secret access for twenty-four hours to Deane's letter-books, and would gladly have given 50 or 60 guineas "to cut out a single sentence which contained evidence of a fact not proper to be committed to the hands of enemies."

44. Dr. Franklin——

"Know ye not me? said Satan fill'd with scorn,
"Not to know me, argues yourself unknown."—(Author's note.)

45. This refers probably to the Pennsylvania constitution of 1776; made under the eye of S. Adams: but bitterly opposed by Cadwalader and many other whigs, and long ago abandoned.

46. Gen. Ewing, of Cumberland co. Penn., who was prevented by the ice from sharing in the glories of Trenton.

47. The Germans here were notorious for their faith in spells and charms. That Odell should have been so averse to Independence as to class it among these German quackeries is not strange. Even among the whigs the step had many enemies. When the very Congress that declared Independence first met, there is every reason to think that the measure was generally as odious as the Stamp-Act itself: and J. Adams (x. 35) gives a vivid picture of the terror and horror upon the faces of a large part of that body, when it became inevitable. Even in New England itself, the pear was not everywhere ripe: see the action of New Hampshire, in Jan., 1776. At this date, according to Gordon, Washington had no wish that way. The merit of conceiving and carrying through that happy event is

claimed, and probably with justice, for Samuel Adams, though R. H. Lee and Henry were early in the field. Yet it was some time before the minds of the colonies on this side of the Connecticut were filed to it, and various adventitious aids were required to bring about the desired result; and it is hardly too much to say that many in the middle States were regularly beguiled into the scheme: see Gordon; ii. 170; 269: J. Adams; ii. 407; 412; 512; Coll. Hist. Soc. Penn. i. 127. It is known how long it was fought off in the Congress; to which Adams seems to allude (x. 29:), when he says Massachusetts was "obliged to turn and to flatter, to dissimulate and to simulate; in plain English, as Governor Hopkins once said, or rather was accused of saying, to coax, lie, and flatter in order to carry her points, and save herself from perdition." And Grigsby (142; 161;) tells us that neither the Declaration nor the Confederation were unanimously accepted by the Virginia convention and assembly.

48. "Late Ambassador from the French king to the rebel Congress.

Des Rois infortunés la France était l'azile,
Et montait à l'honneur par des justes degrés;
À l'heure que je parle elle à change du stile,
Et se vante l'ami des traitres du Congrès." (Author's note.)

M. Gérard's portrait is in the City Hall at Philadelphia.

49. "Vide note on the second part." (Author's note.) Virginia is signified by "the land of Googe;" Lt. Gov. Gooch of that province having earned the ill-will of the Church-and-King men by consenting, in 1748, to the act vesting the presentation to church benefices

in the vestries. Chalmers attributes improper motives to him. He was a Scot, moreover, and a friend to Presbyterianism.

50. "Major-Commandant at Fort Detroit and its dependencies : he was surprized by a party of rebels, and carried prisoner to Williamsburgh." (Author's note.) Henry Hamilton, Lient.-Gov. of Detroit, was captured at St. Vincent's, Feb. 24, 1779, by Clark's command. The articles of surrender, agreed to by him "with confidence in a generous enemy," provided that the officers should be prisoners of war, and allowed their necessary baggage. The expedition having been fitted out by Virginia, he was placed in the hands of that government; and on June 16, 1779, his case was thus disposed of by the governor and council at Williamsburg. "This board has resolved to advise the governor that the said Henry Hamilton, Philip Dejean, and Wm. Lamothe, prisoners of war, be put in irons, confined in the dungeon of the public jail, debarred the use of pen, ink and paper, and excluded all converse except with their keeper.—And the governor orders accordingly." (Penn. Packet, June 22, 1779. Penn. Evening Post, July 3, 1779. Gordon, vol. iii.) Hamilton was kept fourteen months before enlargement. (Rivington : Nov. 25, 1780.)

51. Years before, Whitefield had, in his own phrase, so well "stirred the dry bones" of Philadelphia, that his very words had perhaps become traditional there.

52. Chas. Thomson, Secretary of Congress : of whom the late Mrs. Deborah Logan, of Stenton, related that during his latter days she

often found him examining and destroying parcels of old letters and papers. He explained this to her, saying that what he destroyed would have the effect, if known, of damaging many revolutionary reputations that now stood high: that the parties concerned were dead and gone, and he did not wish to bring shame on their descendants.

Of David Rittenhouse, the subject of Odell's next paragraph, J. Adams thus wrote in 1814: "Rittenhouse was a virtuous and amiable man; an exquisite mechanician, master of the astronomy known in his time, an expert mathematician, a patient calculator of numbers. * * * * In politics, Rittenhouse was good, simple, ignorant, well-meaning, Franklinian, democrat, totally ignorant of the world as an anchorite, an honest dupe of the French revolution, a mere instrument of Jonathan Sergeant, Dr. Hutchinson, Genet, and Mifflin." (x. 90.)

53. Rev. Geo. Duffield, D. D., a chaplain of congress. In 1773, he was installed minister of the 3rd Presbyterian Church at Philadelphia, after much opposition on account of his "Whiggism," say some; of his "New Light," say others. There are many anecdotes of his political preaching. "At one time, just before the battle of Trenton, he rebuked his people because there were so many men in the house, saying there 'would be one less to-morrow, and no lecture on Wednesday evening!'" The British *are said* to have offered £500 for his head. His only published sermon that I know of is on the Peace, from the text: 'And the Lord spake unto the Fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land.' See Webster's Presb. Ch. in Am. 672.

54. Perhaps Alex. Carmichael; in 1776, Chairman of the Committee at Morristown, N. J.

55. Rev. Elihu Spencer and Rev. James Caldwell, presbyterian clergy of New Jersey. The last was deputy quarter-master general, and was shot by a soldier of his own party, Nov. 24, 1781.

56. Perhaps Samuel Tucker, of Burlington; in 1776, appointed to the Supreme Bench of New Jersey.

57. Of one branch of the Shippen family, the father, Edward, was a whig. His son Edward, the chief justice, whose daughter married Arnold, was a moderate tory; but he refused to take an active part for the crown. His son, indeed, was a little compromised with Howe, but Washington readily passed the affair over. The other branch was decidedly whig. Adams often mentions them in 1774; dining and breakfasting with them. Mrs. S. was a sister of A. Lee: "a religious and reasoning lady." Capt. Wm. Shippen, k. at Princeton, 3 Jan. 1776, was doubtless of this family; as also Dr. Wm. Shippen, sen., a member of the congress. In 1778, Dr. Rush preferred very grave charges against Dr. W. Shippen, director-general of the hospitals. He was, however, acquitted by congress and the court-martial. (Gordon, iii. 70; 476.) His portrait is in the City Hall at Philadelphia. It must be noted that the text is not less severe on luke-warm tories than on ultra whigs.

58. Robert Yates of New York: a wise and good man, and an upright lawyer. On the bench, he was noted for his justice; and

many an unpopular person charged with toryism, owed his safety to the firmness of a judge who did not hesitate to send back an intemperate jury four times, rather than receive its improper verdict in such a case. He was poor; and his salary, in the depreciated currency of the day, was just sufficient, as he said, "to purchase a pound of green tea for his wife:" but he would never consent to increase his fortune by speculating in the confiscated estates of his neighbors. "I will sooner die a beggar," he said, "than own a foot of land acquired by such means." Chief Justice Yates died in 1801, poor and full of honours. (Rogers: Am. Biog. Dict.)

59. John and Richard Penn. The latter, the most popular of our old governors, was a private man when Congress met in 1774, and lived on good terms with the whigs. In Sept. of that year, Adams notes in his Diary: "Dined with Mr. R. Penn; a magnificent house, and a most splendid feast, and a very large company. Mr. Dickinson and General Lee were there, and Mr. Moylan, besides a great number of the delegates." A fortnight after, he meets Penn again at a dinner party at John Dickinson's. It is probable that both the Penns were then in favour of the redress of American grievances; though neither of them advocated independence. In 1775, Richard went to England, and, with Arthur Lee, was chosen by Congress to present the last petition to the king. On Nov. 11, 1775, he was examined before the House of Lords on the duke of Richmond's motion, when his testimony was very favourable to the Americans. He is the Penn spoken of in Boswell's Johnson;—"my worthy, social friend." Gov. John Penn, if more reserved to the whigs, was still free from incurring their hatred. It is true

that with Chief Justice Chew he was sent prisoner to Virginia in 1777; but the province, with a sense of justice unusual when bills of confiscation are pending, reserved to the Penn family a handsome share of its imperial inheritance; the most stupendous estate in America.

60. Thomas Willing, the partner of Robert Morris: b. 1731: d. 1821. He was a leading merchant in Philadelphia, and of great wealth. His firm, for instance, had from the king of Spain a monopoly to supply flour to Louisiana: and as the government alone made \$20,000 *per an.* by the affair, we may judge the profits of Willing and Morris were not small. (I. Smyth's Tour, 377.) The house, when the war began, engaged largely in obtaining stores of war for Congress. When Howe occupied Philadelphia, Mr. W. did not leave the city; and Galloway says he himself was sent to administer the royal oath of allegiance to him, which was refused. Full of his chimerical notions of a reconciliation, Howe revoked the order, and made Mr. W. "his confidential negotiator with the members of the Congress." Mr. W. was a firm whig, and therefore disliked by the tories: (but see Adams, x. 411.) A younger brother, Capt. James Willing, was active in arms for the Americans. Backed by the Spaniards, he made some successful excursions on the Mississippi settlements, till he was crippled by the resistance of Charles Percy and other British half-pay officers settled there. (Penn. Evg. Post, July 2, 1778. Waile's Miss. Rep.) In other parts of West Florida he was less fortunate. "Various efforts were made by Capt. James Willing, of Philadelphia, and Oliver Pollock, the agents of the Continental Congress, to seduce them from their

allegiance. These gentlemen came by way of New Orleans to Mobile, and circulated clandestinely many copies of the Declaration of Independence. But the effort was abortive. After many narrow escapes, Capt. Willing was at length apprehended through the vigilance of the British officers, and was kept closely confined, a part of the time in irons, in the Stone Keep of Fort Charlotte. He came near expiating his temerity upon a gallows in the *plaza* in front of that fortress, but was eventually exchanged, at the close of the year 1779, for Col. Hamilton of Detroit, a British officer, upon whom our government had retaliated for the rigorous treatment of the imprisoned agent." (Trans. Ala. Hist. Soc. 1855, p. 17.)

61. The Hamilton family was of great consequence in Pennsylvania. More to Andrew Hamilton than to any other do we owe the old State-House, and perhaps Christ-Church. Its head in 1776 was governor James Hamilton, whom J. Adams occasionally met at dinner, in 1774. He died during the war, after having been arrested by the whigs as a dangerous character. It is probable that he was equally opposed to ministerial oppression and to colonial independency. He took no active part on either side; as in fact did none of the "large-acred" tories of this region. His nephew, the late Wm. Hamilton, is said to have raised a regiment for the Americans at his own cost, but to have disbanded it when he saw independence aimed at. He was tried for high-treason, Oct. 16, 1778; a few days after Carlisle had been sentenced to death. The case was twelve hours in getting to the jury, who acquitted him in four minutes. I am told his offence lay in granting permits, on behalf of Howe, to enter the British lines near his residence at Gray's

Ferry; and that Mrs. Gray, who was relied on to prove the fact, slipped away to Carolina on the eve of the trial, rather than appear against him. Had he been convicted, there is no doubt that his life, as well as his great estate, would have been forfeited. He was a near neighbor and friend of Bartram the botanist, whose tastes he shared. The splendid conservatories of the Woodlands are still well recollected at Philadelphia.

62. Benjamin Chew of Philadelphia, who in 1772 was made Chief Justice. At the Revolution he seems anxious to have remained neutral, (Littell's Graydon, 117, 290,) though his son joined one of the military associations, and was probably the Lieut. Chew of Bassett's Delaware Light Horse, named in the Penn. Packet, Jan. 17. 1777. Adams speaks of a dinner party at the Chief Justice's in Sept. 1774. "We were shown into a grand entry and stair case, and into an elegant and most magnificent chamber, until dinner. About four o'clock, we were called down to dinner. The furniture was all rich. Turtle, and every other thing, flummery, jellies, sweetmeats of twenty sorts, trifles, whipped sillabubs, floating islands, fools, &c. and then a dessert of fruits, raisins, almonds, pears, peaches. Wines most excellent and admirable. I drank Madeira at a great rate, and found no inconvenience in it." In August, 1779, he was arrested on suspicion of being a secret tory, and sent to Virginia; but in the next year released on his parole. It is proper to say that he offered to give his parole before he was sent away. (Penn. Arch. v. 514.) "He was, after the peace, President of the Court of Errors and Appeals, and died in 1809, at a very advanced age." (I. Reed's Reed, 303.)

The minuteness with which Mr. Adams sets down the details of every fine dinner and fine house he was invited to, is an amusing but interesting feature of his Diary.

63. Alex. McDougall, Wm. Maxwell and Peter Muhlenberg were all American generals. Of the first, J. Adams says in 1774: "He is a very sensible man, and an open one. He has none of the mean cunning which disgraces so many of my countrymen." Mr. Adams (x. 121) also gives a very interesting passage respecting Muhlenberg.

64. George Baylor, a favourite of Washington, and colonel of a regiment of horse raised in Virginia, in 1777. His corps, like Tarleton's, may have been clothed during the summer months in white: but there is reason to suppose the uniform of all our cavalry regiments during the war was white, faced with blue. At least, Cols. W. Washington and H. Lee are thus represented in the collection of original revolutionary portraits in the City Hall, Philadelphia. Baylor's command was cut to pieces, Sept. 27, 1778, in a night-surprise by the British light-troops under Grey, the ancestor of the Reform peer. Henry Knox was our artillery general. It is probable he occasionally wore the favourite New England full-dress—a suit of black.

65. The Livingstons seem to have been the chief freeholders of Poughkeepsie at this period. In the London Morning Chronicle, during the summer of 1777, J. Watts proposes to the Ministry that as Albany, Dutchess and Westchester counties, N. Y., were mainly

the manors of the Van Rensselaer, Philipse, Livingston and Beekman families, the grants should be declared void, and their farms given in freehold to their tenants, provided they take up arms for the king. This, he thought, would bring 6000 able farmers into the field.

66. Maj. Gen. W. Heath had charge of Burgoyne's convention troops, near Boston. The text probably refers to the stabbing of an unarmed British soldier by Capt. Henley, who was court-martialled therefor, and acquitted. See also Heath's angry correspondence with Gen. Phillips, respecting the killing of Lt. Richard Brown, a convention prisoner, by an American sentry, at Charlestown, Mass., 17 June, 1778. From the initials, Heath would seem to be the general alluded to by Washington, in R. H. Lee's Mem., ii. 14.

67. Gen. Thomas Mifflin, afterwards President of Congress and Governor of Pennsylvania. The charge in the text seems false, though, in later years, by the neglect of private for public interests, his circumstances became embarrassed. He was one of Cobbett's victims. He had strong enemies, both in Congress and the army, among those opposed to Washington's removal. In the politics of the state, he was the opponent of Gen. Reed, to whom an allusion is made that seems to connect with what Gen. Greene writes to Chas. Pettit (July 24, 1779; MS.): "I cannot think Governor Read's apprehensions are well founded. Neither can I conceive you and Col. Cox to be in any danger from popular resentment. The voice of every sensible man is with you. However, you know more of the temper of the people than I do, and can judge better

with respect to the measures you ought to take for your own safety.' Governor Read is much mistaken if he thinks the voice of a member of that body [Congress] is as it once was like the trumpet of an archangel sounding the alarm. The people are as jealous of them as of any other order of men: and it's not improbable before the storm is over some of them may feel the effects of that jealousy which they have been so instrumental and industrious in putting in motion. God grant justice may be done."

68. Horatio Gates, says Mr. Irving, was the son of a captain in the British army, unless Horace Walpole was his father as well as his godfather. Whether this insinuation be true or not (and certainly the manner in which Walpole passes from his godson's name to the anecdote of his brother's second-chambermaid does not contradict the notion), I am very doubtful if his father had any military rank. Odell's language conveys the very opposite idea; and tradition reports him to have been a butcher, in Kensington, London. Gen. Gates married a sister of Capt. Phillips, of the grenadiers of the 35th, who was killed by the whig militia, in Jersey. In Cheetham's Paine, p. 278, is a characteristic reply of the infidel to Mrs. Gates, at her dinner table, in 1802. The general's son, and only child, died suddenly, in 1780, in his 19th year. There is a conversation of 24th Apr., 1778, recorded in Gilpin's Exiles, p. 227, which, had Odell known, might have mollified his anger. It refers to the parliamentary steps to conciliation: "at all of which Gen. Gates seemed much pleased, and said he thought Great Britain had agreed to all the Americans had heretofore asked or contended for." In connection with his estrangement from Washington, a passage

may be noted in Duykinck's Freneau—"that rascal Freneau," as Washington called him, when his public measures fell under the journalist's lash. On his visits to New York, "with Gates he compared the achievements at Monmouth with those at Saratoga." Monmouth is said to have been badly fought, and Lee's friends gave its errors to Washington. But whatever his demerits on the score of the Cabal, (and he denied this charge most solemnly,) Gates certainly was treated with harshness—perhaps injustice—by the Congress of 1780.

69. Arthur St. Clair, an English officer who, like Montgomery, was with Wolfe at Quebec, and was afterwards an American general. "He was born in Scotland, where he has still a family and property." (Chastellux; i. 146.) This brave but unfortunate soldier died in indigence, unjustly neglected by his country. His portrait is in the City Hall, Philadelphia.

70. In this passage only do I suppress names given in the text. The reason is obvious. The charge is not only as I believe untrue, but revolting; and there are persons embraced in it who are hardly yet cold in their graves.

71. John Sullivan, of whom Washington says: "He is active, spirited, and zealously attached to the cause. He has his wants and he has his foibles. The latter are manifested in his little tincture of vanity, and in an over desire of being popular, which now and then lead him into embarrassments. His wants are common to us all. He wants experience to move upon a grand scale;

for the limited and contracted knowledge which any of us have in military matters stands in very little stead. Gordon alleges that at Long Island he was "too inattentive and confident," and gives a curious anecdote. Burke, a member of the Congress, wrote to Sullivan: "I was present at the action of Brandywine, and saw and heard enough to convince me that the fortune of the day was injured by miscarriages where you commanded." "That memorable skirmish at Newport" (to use the phrase of the Sir Ruinous of Beaumont and Fletcher), is well known: and of the Susquehannah campaign, Gordon gives a most unfriendly account. He says that in the whole there were 11 Indians killed; two old squaws, a negro, and a white man taken; and that Sullivan's conduct was so pulled to pieces in Congress, that he resigned his commission. The stores he required, (such as "a large number of eggs," casks of tongues, and the like,) seem especially to have stirred the Roxbury parson's ire. "He kept a most extravagant table, and entertained all the officers upon the plea of securing his influence among them, while he was making extremely free in their presence with the characters of the Congress and the board of war." Gen. Greene thus refers to the expedition (July 29; 1779, MS.): "If the Duke de Sully don't push his affairs, but suffers our frontiers to be ravaged with a handful of Indians when he has a force of between 4 and 5000 men with him, it will make him less than little, and confirm Governor Reed's observation that he is a child of disappointment, and never can succeed in anything he undertakes."

72. The satirist here avails himself of the difference between the language of the 'spirited resolves' of Suffolk county, Mass., en-

dorsed by Congress, Sept. 17, 1774; and that of the petitions to the King. So, too, the Congress of 1774, in its resolves of Oct. 14; the articles of association; and the addresses to the people of the colonies, and of Great Britain, expressed its indignation at the 'Quebec Act,' which sustained in Canada "a religion that has deluged your island in blood, and dispersed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder and rebellion through every part of the world." In Feb. 1776, however, Franklin, Chase, and Carroll of Carrollton were sent by Congress, with Dr. John Carroll, afterwards the first R. C. Archbishop of the U. S., to operate on the Canadians. They failed utterly. A year before, the principal French at Montreal had examined the proceedings of Congress, and were highly provoked on comparing the more recent compliments passed on their race, with the language above quoted. "Oh! the perfidious, double-faced Congress!" they cried—"let us bless and obey our benevolent Prince, whose humanity is consistent, and extends to all Religions; let us abhor all who would reduce us from our loyalty by acts that would dishonour a Jesuit, and whose Addresses, like their Resolves, are destructive of their own objects." (Am. Arch. ii. 231. Carroll's Journal, well edited by Mr. Mayer, in Pub. Md. Hist. Soc. 1845. Chastellux; ii. 288.) What is said in the text of Congress going to Mass., probably refers to Sunday, July 4, 1779: "At noon, the President and Members of Congress, with the President and Chief Magistrates of this State, and a number of other gentlemen and ladies, went, by invitation from the honourable the Minister of France, to the Catholic Chapel, where the great event was celebrated by a well-adapted discourse, pronounced by the Minister's Chaplain, and Te Deum solemnly sung by a number of very good voices,

accompanied by the organ and other kinds of music." (Penn. Gaz. Philadelphia, July 7; 1779.)

73. On request of a delegate from North Carolina, where so many of the Scotch settlers were violently loyal, the presbytery (Dec. 26, 1775,) sent Rev. Elihu Spencer thither, "to unite the people in the cause of independence. McWhorter went with him. They accomplished little, as Franklin predicted on the first mention of the scheme." (Webster's Presb. Ch. in Am. 590.)

74. Local officers of London: the last three being friends of America. In parliament, Wilkes and Bull supported Lord Granby's motion of Nov. 20, 1777; when Wilkes compared the conduct of the ministry and Burgoyne to "the dictates of Samuel and the orders of Saul, an infamous Priest and more infamous King." (Penn. Ledger, Supp. March 2, 1778.)

75. The text is not much astray in attributing Payne's arrival here to Franklin's suggestions: but the latter did not see Common Sense till it was written. Rush claims to have suggested its production and name. The story of his misdoings while connected with Congress is fully told by Adams, Cobbett and Cheetham. 'Rivington's lying gazette,' says he was publicly horsewhipped, caned, and pummelled at Philadelphia, in 1778, by whigs whom he had affronted; and that Col. White, of the Virginia Light Dragoons, wore out a supple-jack on his shoulders. Judge Henry of Lancaster, a really reliable witness, gives a similar story on the authority of Col. Atlee, who, coming from a dinner party in company with

Col. Francis Johnston and Mr. Matthias Slough, met Payne in Market-street. "There comes *Common Sense*," said Atlee. "D—n him," replied Slough, "I shall common sense him," and with the word he fell on Payne, and left him prostrate on his back in a filthy and offensive kennel. The abject conclusion of his miserable career is well known; and Cheetham furnishes us with many disgusting details of his life.

76. "Supposed to be a gentleman formerly confidante to Lord C. M., and then loaded with all the odium of the patriots, on account of his attachment to government. He was appointed one of the Judges in South-Carolina by a Lieutenant-Governor; but the appointment was not confirmed, and another gentleman was sent out from home: immediately on which, as it happened, Mr. D. turned flaming patriot. At least, it is so reported." (Note in Penn. Ledger.) Lord Charles Greville Montagu, late governor of Carolina, and William-Henry Drayton of Drayton Hall on Ashley River, are here referred to.

77. "The uniform of the South-Carolina rebels is a hunting-shirt, such as the farmers' servants in England use." (Note in Penn. Ledger.)

78. "These lines allude to D.'s ordering a little fleet of schooners to be fitted out from the port of Charlestown. On board of one of them he ordered 24 nine-pounders; but she was so small that it was found she could not even float with above twelve of such guns on board." (Note in Penn. Ledger.)

79. "The deputy paymaster-general of the king's army ; who also fled on board the *Asia*, and continually walked the quarter-deck." (MS. note.)

80. The three active elements of American Opposition are here well hit off. The bulk of the colonists being dissenters, and in the northern provinces, mainly presbyterians, there was nothing, says Mr. Adams, (x. 185 :) that more excited the people 'to close thinking on the constitutional authority of parliament over the colonies,' than the apprehension of an American Episcopacy. As early as 1712-13, Dean Swift had been mentioned for the prospective see of New York (Swift: ed. Nichols: xv. 261 :) ; and the whole question was warmly revived and disputed not long before the revolution. The 'exuberant branches of Democracy' in the Massachusetts constitution, referred to by S. Adams, are but a sample of the bent of many of the colonial statesmen: while as to smuggling, it was a natural offspring of the restrictive laws which bound our commerce. The 'cask of contraband molasses' in the text is no far-fetched allusion. The enforcement of the Molasses Act (6 Geo. II. c. 13.) caused a greater alarm in New England than the capture of Fort William Henry in 1757. "I know not," says Adams, "why we should blush to confess that molasses was an essential ingredient in American independence." (x. 345.) In short, the amount of goods yearly smuggled into America was estimated, in 1775, as fully equal to those that passed the customs. Great fortunes were thus made; among them, it is said, that which fell to Hancock, whose uncle is reported to have *run* quantities of tea, in rum-casks. Mr. Sabine thinks that the end of the tea-tax was to break up the

contraband trade in that article, and that we so understood it here. We then consumed nearly £300,000 of tea yearly, most of which was smuggled. If these things be true, it is not strange that one-fourth of the Signers of the Declaration were merchants. (R. H. Lee; i. 100; 155. Sabine's *Am. Loyalists*: 47; 50.) The phrase "felt bold" may be placed by the side of the parliamentary "are free to confess," remarked by Boucher (*Am. Rev.* 43.) as an American idiom.

81. This excellent piece, by the Rev. Dr. Myles Cooper, seems to have first appeared in the *Penn. Ledger*, Jan. 31, 1778. See also *Curwen's Journal*, p. 579. Dr. C. was president of King's (now Columbia) College, New York, whence he fled before a whig mob, in 1775. Escaping to England, he died at Edinburgh, 1785. His own epitaph says :

Here lies a priest of English blood,
Who, living, liked whate'er was good ;
Good company, good wine, good name,
Yet never hunted after fame.

He had charge of the education of Washington's stepson. The 'heaven-directed youth' of the Stanzas, was Mr. Nicholas Ogden ; the 'peaceful cell' was King's College ; Palemon's cot' was Mr. Stuyvesant's seat in the Bowery ; and the vessel was the Kingfisher sloop-of-war, Capt. James Montague, bound for England.

82. Capt. Smyth was arrested, according to his own account, in company with the well-known John Conolly, while on his way to excite a loyalist rising on the Ohio, and brought to Philadelphia :

where by orders of the Continental Congress and the Provincial Committee of Safety, he was confined in a cell under double doors of iron and wood. "No person even in the prison was allowed to speak to me, nor to answer me if I called to them; restricted from pen, ink and paper, or the smallest communication with any creature living; without a chair, table, bed, blanket, or straw, and obliged to lie on the bare floor, with a log of wood under my head; in the midst of a most severe winter, without a spark of fire, and the icicles impending from the arched roof of this horrid vault; and sometimes suffered to remain for three days together, without a drop of water, or any kind of drink." The text is taken from his "Tour in the States" (Lond. 1784) ii. 285, and collated with a copy in the Pennsylvania Ledger of 24 Dec. 1777, (Philadelphia then being occupied by the British,) where it is thus prefaced: "The following lines were wrote with charcoal, on the walls of the new gaol in this city, by an officer, prisoner, and one of the first in it. They are yet to be seen in the farthest room in the west wing, where both Major-General Prescott and he were then most rigidly and cruelly confined. A Loyalist in the city, by some means, procured a copy of them; but, as it was dangerous for any one to have them found in his possession during that reign of tyranny, they were seen only by a few. Now the happy time has arrived when such free publications may be found even in the Philadelphia papers."

83. Gates estimated his loss at 740 killed and missing. This includes neither the continental wounded, nor any of the militia, who fled with such precipitation that no returns whatever were ob-

tained. Gates himself thought the defeat so thorough, that he hardly paused till he reached Hillsborough, N. C. In fact, the rout was complete. "At the distance of forty miles, whole teams of horses were cut out of the waggons to accelerate the flight." Save those of Gates himself, and De Kalb (who was mortally hurt,) scarce a baggage waggon escaped. (Gordon, iii. 442.)

84. In 1778, to the mortification of many in their own interest, the Americans enlisted great numbers of Burgoyne's convention troops in Massachusetts. Most of these recruits, however, are said to have taken this step, merely to escape ill-treatment; and very soon found their way back to their ancient colours. (Lamb's Hist. Am. War. Gordon, iii. 73.)

85. Of the officers named in the Tenth Regiment's Song, Capt. Richard Bassett; Capt-Lieut. Meyrick Shawe and George Thwaits; Capt. Edw. Fitzgerald of the grenadier and Lieut. Waldron Kelly of the light-infantry companies; Arthur Edwards, surgeon; and James Montgomery, chaplain; were serving in America with their corps in 1778. Capt. Parsons was with the 10th at Lexington and Concord; and he, Fitzgerald, Kelly, and Verner, were all wounded at Bunker's Hill; the latter, mortally.

86. Peregrine Lascelles was colonel of the 47th in 1759: its uniform had white facings and white lace, with one red and two black stripes. In the previous year its clothing had been taken by a French privateer, and was replaced by that of Shirley's, which had perhaps red facings, with white linings and white lace. (See Brad-

dock's Exp. 290.) That "Hot Stuff" takes its name from some tavern reminiscence, is very evident. The allusion to the grenadiers may be explained by supposing, in the words of the author of Rob Roy, "that in those days this description of soldiers actually carried that destructive species of fire-work from which they derive their name."

87. There is a life of Bailey, published with a preface by Bishop Burgess in 1853, that shows him to have had good cause of complaint against his whig neighbours. The following extract from the Diary of J. Adams gives an idea of what sorry metal some of the New England whigs were made of in 1775: "An event of the most trifling nature in appearance, and fit only to excite laughter in other times, struck me into a profound reverie, if not a fit of melancholy. I met a man who had sometimes been my client, and sometimes I had been against him. He, though a common horse-jockey, was sometimes in the right, and I had commonly been successful in his favor in our courts of law. He was always in the law, and had been sued in many actions at almost every court. As soon as he saw me, he came up to me, and his first salutation to me was, "Oh! Mr. Adams, what great things have you and your colleagues done for us! We can never be grateful enough to you. There are no courts of justice now in this Province, and I hope there will never be another." Is this the object for which I have been contending? said I to myself, for I rode along without any answer to this wretch. Are these the sentiments of such people, and how many of them are there in the country? Half the nation, for what I know; for half the nation are debtors, if no more, and these have

been, in all countries, the sentiments of debtors. If the power of the country should get into such hands, and there is great danger that it will, to what purpose have we sacrificed our time, health, and everything else. Surely we must guard against this spirit and these principles, or we shall repent of all our conduct."

88. The Duke signifies the Grand Duke transport, an East India-man, which under convoy of Admiral Arbuthnot, had arrived at New York from Torbay, Aug. 25, 1779, with a detachment of the Household Troops. She was one of that great fleet of over 300 sail, which at this time brought reinforcements to America. 'Old Knyp and Old Clip.' are Gen. Knyphausen and Gen. Robertson: 'Yankee Farms,' are Connecticut Farms, a small settlement about four miles from Elizabethtown, in New Jersey; and Springfield, a small village, seven miles from Elizabethtown.

89. The author of Waterbury's Farewell, &c., thus annotates the text in Rivington. Stanza 3rd: Canfield was "the name of the person to whom he was forc'd to resign his commission;" the London Trade was the name given to the smuggling carried on with New York. Stanza 4th: "The post fortified by Waterbury is generally called *Fort Nonsense*." Stanza 5th: "The excursion of the Refugees to Connecticut." Stanza 7th: "He is selling his house and property, in order to remove to the interior parts of the country."

90. The people of North Carolina were very evenly divided during the war; and they fought among themselves, particularly the Scots, with singular fierceness. Thomas Burke, the whig governor,

being very odious to the tory population, a plot was formed in the summer of 1781 to capture him and his council, and to deliver them to the British commander at Wilmington. At the head of this scheme was Col. David Fanning, the most dangerous and dreaded loyalist in the whole country. On Sept. 13th, he fell upon Hillsboro', and seizing on the governor and every other leading whig he could lay hands upon, bore them away in triumph. The alarm was soon spread, however, for Hillsboro' stood in one of the strongest whig districts; and on the 14th, an ambuscade was formed for the retreating tories. But so furious was the resistance of the latter, and so indomitable the courage of the Scottish Highlanders, who constituted the bulk of their force, that the whigs were glad to make it a drawn battle, and suffer them to proceed on their way with their captives.

REV. JONATHAN ODELL.

[Except where other authorities are cited, this memoir is given in almost the very words of one of his family, who had a personal acquaintance with Dr. Odell. Its insertion in an earlier page of this volume was prevented by an accident.]

The Honourable and Reverend Jonathan Odell, M. A. of Nassau Hall, New Jersey, was born at Newark, on the 25th of September, 1737. He was educated for the medical profession; and in the earlier part of his life served as surgeon in the British Army. He left the army while stationed in the West Indies; went to Eng-

land ; and prepared himself for holy orders. He was ordained as Deacon, Dec. 21st, 1766, in the Chapel Royal at St. James's Palace, Westminster, by Doctor Richard Terrick, Bishop of London. In January, 1767, he took Priest's orders, and immediately after received from the Bishop of London his licence as minister in the then Province of New Jersey, where he was appointed rector of Burlington, and where Provost Smith (i. Works) says he was the missionary of the Society for propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts. Here he seems also to have resumed the practice of medicine ; the Diary of James Crafts, of Burlington, under date of Aug. 25, 1771, presenting this entry : "Episcopal Parson Odell commenced Dr. of Physick." (Am. Hist. Mag., i. 300.) John Adams in his diary (Aug. 17, 1774) mentions meeting a Mr. Odell at a dinner at Mr. Douglass's, of New Haven, Conn., where they "were very genteelly entertained, and spent the whole afternoon in politics, the depth of politics." There was an Episcopal church at New Haven ; so the Mr. Odell may possibly have been the subject of this memoir : but more probably Adams refers to some one of the Odell or Woodhull family, settled in Westchester Co., N. Y., as early as 1663 ; and which was generally whig during the war. (Bolton's Westchester Co., i. 243 ; ii. 47 ; 372 ; 489.) In the commencement of the disturbances which led to the independence of the United States, the Rev. Mr. Odell openly espoused the cause of the crown ; in consequence of which he was persecuted, proscribed, and driven from his family and home, without any means of subsistence. In Oct., 1775, he had got into trouble at Philadelphia. A man named Christopher Carter had been arrested on his departure for England, and his papers seized by the local Committee of

Inspection and Observation. Among them were two letters from Odell. One was anonymous, and addressed to the Rev. Dr. Thomas B. Chandler, London. The other, which was signed Jno. Odell, was directed to Mrs. Bullock, Brixton Causeway, Surry, near Westminster. The committee having taken the doctor's parole not to leave the city, referred the matter to the Council of Safety, before whom he appeared, Oct. 8th. The Council resolved to send the letters to the Committee of Safety of New Jersey; and on their prisoner giving his word of honor to appear when required, he was discharged. (Pa. Col. Recs. x. 358; 361.) What action the Jersey committee took in the premises, may be gathered from the proceedings of the Convention of that State:

July 20, 1776. *Ordered*, That Peter Tallman, Esq., Chairman of the County Committee of *Burlington*, be directed to take the parole of the Rev. *Jonathan Odell*, a person suspected of being inimical to *American* liberty; that he confine himself on the east side of *Delaware* River, within a circle of eight miles from the Court-House in the City of *Burlington*.

Thursday, August 1, 1776. A Letter from the Rev. Mr. *Odell*, praying, for certain reasons, that he may be excused from signing the parole heretofore ordered, and offering a new parole, binding himself not to hold any political correspondence with the enemy, or to furnish them with provisions or intelligence, read. Whereupon the Convention having taken the same into consideration, *Ordered*, That Mr. *Odell* sign the original parole sent to the Committee of *Burlington*. (Force's Am. Arch. 4th Series; vi. 1651; 1656.)

Dr. Odell seems to have remained at Burlington till at least the close of this year; since on Dec. 14, 1776, we find him routed out from his abode in that town by the report that a party of whigs were in pursuit of him: but he probably soon after found the protection of the royal arms. (The Hill Family; Phila. Pri-

vately printed; 1854: p. 216.) His principles and qualifications speedily procured the notice of persons in command at the seat of war; and during its continuance, he executed many important and confidential trusts. He was the chaplain of a Loyalist corps, says Mr. Sabine. "Odell was active in every way. He appears to have been the medium of communication between Gustavus (Arnold) and John Anderson (André), in 1780." (Reed's Reed; ii. 170.) Mr. Sparks says Arnold's letters were sent to Odell's care. (vii. Wash.)

At the close of the war, Mr. Odell accompanied Sir Guy Carleton to England, where his sufferings were remembered and his services appreciated. He was called to a seat in His Majesty's Council in the Province of New Brunswick; where, after a long separation, he rejoined his family. He also received, at the same time, the appointments of Secretary, Register of the Records, and Clerk of the Council: the duties of which offices he faithfully discharged for upwards of thirty years. At an advanced age, he relinquished his appointments and retired from public life. He died at Fredericton, N. B., Nov. 25th, 1818. "His daughter, Lucy Ann, wife of Lt. Col. [Henry] Rudyerd, of the Royal Engineers, died at Halifax in 1829. His widow, Anne, died at Fredericton in 1825, aged eighty-five; and his son, the Honorable William Odell, who was his successor as Secretary, and held the office for thirty-two years, died at Fredericton in 1844, at the age of seventy." (Sabine's Loyalists: p. 485.) Mrs. Charles Lee, of Fredericton, is now the only surviving daughter of the Rev. Jonathan Odell.

As a political satirist, Odell seems to the editor entitled to rank high. In fertility of conception, and vigor and ease of expression,

many passages in his poems will compare very favorably with those of Churchill and Canning. The personalities in which he abounds, it must be remembered, are not only an excusable but a legitimate feature in this species of composition: and however harsh these may appear to us, who have always been accustomed to regard with reverent affection the names most hateful to his muse, a very cursory examination will suffice to show that they are not at all more direct or abundant than those of Pope, Hanbury Williams, or Canning. Even in our own days, the political poems attributed to Scott, Moore, Hook, Palmerston, Peel, and Blackwood's Ambrosian squadron, on the other side of the Atlantic, or to Lowell and Whittier upon this, are scarcely less amenable to criticism on the score of invective against individuals than those of Odell.

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INDEX.

A.

Abercrombie, Rev. Dr. 38.
Adams, Major: 37.
—— C. F. 162.
—— John: 7; 9; 28; 158; 167; 168;
169; 173; 175; 179; 184; 189; 191;
193; 197; 200.
—— Samuel: 7; 9; 28; 57; 109; 158;
174; 176; 177; 193.
Addison, Joseph: 158.
Adolphus: 154.
Alabama: 183.
Albany County, N. Y. 185.
Alexander the coppersmith: 117.
—— Gen. William, Earl of Stirling: 14;
165.
Alison, Rev. Francis: 169.
Alphonso: 66.
Altangi, Lien Chi: 174.
American Episcopacy: 167; 168; 193.
American Magazine: 170.
American Philosophical Society: 154.
American Times: 1; 157.
Anderson, John: 202.
André, Major John: 202.
Anthony, St. 41.
Arbuthnot, Admiral: 198.
Armstrong, John: 161.

Army, American: 10; 31; 163; un-
cleanliness of, 161.
—— English: 167; 199.
—— French: 163.
Arnold, Gen. B. 202.
Ashe, Brigadier: 19; 170.
Ashley river: 192.
Asia man-of-war: 61; 193.
Assembly, General: 167.
Atlee, William Augustus: 152; 191.

B.

Bacchus: 81.
Bailey, Rev. Jacob: 129; 197.
Baltimore: 155.
Barbé-Marbois: 158.
Barebones, Praise-God: 172.
Barnard, Sir John: 52; 191.
Barron, —: 62; 193.
Bartram, John: 184.
Bassett's Light Horse: 184.
—— Capt. Richard: 122; 196.
Battle of Cane Creek: 145.
Bayle: 151.
Baylor, George: 43; 80; 184.
Beaumarchais, Caron de: 162.
Beaumont, Francis: 189.
Belial: 154.

- Beekman, family of: 185.
 Birthday, the King's: 122.
 — the Prince of Wales's: 140.
 Blackey, —: 122.
 Blackwood's Magazine: 203.
 Bland, Theodorick: 153.
 Bolton, R. 200.
 Borre, Gen. de: 162.
 Boston: 7; 9; 55; 121; 164; 175.
 Boswell, James: 181.
 Botwood, Sergeant Edward: 125.
 Boucher, Rev. Jonathan: 194.
 Braddock, Gen. Edward: 196.
 Brandywine: 162; 189.
 Bray, American Vicar of: 94.
 Breton, Cape: 126.
 Briar creek: 171.
 Brixton Causeway: 201.
 Brother Jonathan: 119.
 Brown, Lieut. Richard: 186.
 Bull, Alderman: 52; 191.
 — Lieut. Gov. 58; 192.
 Bullock, Mrs. 201.
 Bunker's Hill: 196.
 Burgess, Bishop: 197.
 Burgoyne, Sir John: 26; 97; 109; 191;
 196.
 Burlington, N. J. 180; 200; 201.
 Burke, Edmund: 189.
 — Thomas: 145; 198.
 Byron, Admiral: 100.
- C.
- Cacus: 48.
 Cade, Jack: 73.
 Cadwalader, Gen. John: 176.
 Cæsar: 81.
 Caldwell, Rev. James: 42; 180.
 Calvinist Church: 168.
 Cambridge: 164.
 Camden: 119.
 Campbell, Major James: 91.
 Campbell, Lieut. Col. Mungo: 105.
 Canada: 50; 190.
 Cane creek, battle of: 145.
 Canfield, —: 143; 198.
 Canning, George: 203.
 Canterbury, Archbishop of: 169.
 — Tales: 109.
 Cape-Breton: 126.
 Carey's American Museum: 134.
 Carleton, Sir Guy: 73; 202.
 Carlisle, Abraham: 11; 152; 164; 183.
 Carmichael, Alex: 41; 180.
 Carnarvon: 131.
 Carolina: 51; 119; 184; 192.
 Carroll, Charles: 190.
 — Dr. John: 190.
 Carter, Mr. 160.
 — Christopher: 200.
 Caruthers, Rev. E. W. 145.
 Catawbas: 98.
 Catch, Jack: 128.
 Catiline: 73.
 Cauldron, magic: 8.
 Chalmers, George: 178.
 Chambers, Robt. 167.
 Chambersburg: 174.
 Chandler, Rev. Samuel: 27; 174.
 — Rev. Thomas B. 201.
 Charles Edward: 166.
 Charleston: 58; 108; 186; 192.
 Chase, Samuel: 5; 155; 168; 190.
 — Rev. Thos. 155.
 Chastellux, M. de: 165; 171.
 Chaucer: 109.
 Cheetham, J. 175; 187; 191; 192.
 Chelmsford assize: 153.
 Chew, Benj. 43; 182; 184.
 Chew, Lieut. 184.
 Chickasaws: 98.
 Choctaws: 98.
 Christ-church: 183.
 Chronicle, London Morning: 185.
 Chubb, R. 108.

Church of Scotland : 17 ; of England 167.
 Churchill, Charles : 203.
 Cincinnati, order of : 170.
 Civil Usage privateer : 159.
 Clarke, Gen. G. R. 178.
 Clingan, Wm. 166.
 Clinton, Sir Henry : 12 ; 73 ; 100 ; 104 ; 109 ; 132 ; 134 ; 135.
 Clymer, George : 166.
 Cobbett, W. 75 ; 155 ; 162 ; 171 ; 186 ; 191.
 Colleges : Columbia, 194 ; Harvard, 169 ; King's, 169, 194 ; New Jersey, 167, 169 ; Philadelphia, 168, 169 ; Yale, 169.
 Colman, G. 172.
 Committee of Safety : 195 ; 201.
 Common Sense : 52 ; 154 ; 191.
 Concord : 196.
 Confederation : 177.
 Congress : 70 ; 152 ; 154 ; 168 ; 176 ; 177 ; 181 ; 182 ; 186 ; 187 ; 188 ; 189 ; 195 ; duplicity of, 49 ; 79 ; 190 : king, 43 ; 98 ; 100 ; 102 ; 103 : prayer for, 117 : votes of, 2 : Word of, 38.
 Connecticut : 142 ; 153 ; 161 ; 198 ; 200.
 — Farms : 198.
 Conolly, Dr. John : 194.
 Constitution of Penna. : 29 ; 174 ; 176.
 Conway, Gen. 154.
 Cooper, Dr. Myles : 86 ; 194.
 — Rev. Samuel : 7 ; 9 ; 158.
 Cork-haven : 121 ; 134.
 Cornwallis, Lord : 119.
 Couvray, Louvet de : 165.
 Cowchase, the : 151.
 Coxe, Daniel : 27 ; 174.
 — Col. John : 186.
 Crafts, James : 200.
 Crampton : 122.
 Crazy Tales : 134.
 Cromwell : 73 ; 107.

Cumberland co. N. C. 145.
 — Penn. 172 ; 176.
 Curwen, Samuel : 194.

D.

Dawkins, Capt. 153.
 Deane, Silas : 29 ; 162 ; 175.
 De Borre, Gen. 162.
 Dejean, Philip : 178.
 De Kalb, Baron : 196.
 Delaware : 184 ; 201.
 Democrack, Will. 65.
 Democracy : 22 ; 173 ; 193.
 Detroit : 178 ; 183.
 Dickinson, John : 26 ; 172 ; 174 ; 181.
 Douglass, Mr. 200.
 Doune Castle : 166.
 Drayton Hall : 192.
 Drayton, W. H. 26 ; 58 ; 60 ; 174 ; 192.
 Duane, James : 7 ; 157 ; 159 ; 169.
 Ducondray, Gen. 162.
 Duer, W. 7 ; 157.
 — W. A. 165.
 Duffield, Rev. G. 40 ; 167 ; 179.
 — Dr. S. 166.
 Dunciad : 151.
 Dungarvon : 121.
 Dunmore, Lord : 74.
 Duykinck, E. A. 187.

E.

Edinburgh : 194.
 Edwards, Arthur : 122 ; 196.
 Egypt, lice of : 10.
 Elbert, Gen. 19 ; 170.
 Elizabethtown : 198.
 Elliott, Col. B. 170.
 Epigrams : 37 ; 53 ; 57 ; 69 ; 76 ; 79 ; 81 ; 85 ; 127 ; 147.
 Episcopacy, American : 167 ; 168 ; 193.
 Epitaph : 144.
 Ewing, Gen. James : 31 ; 176.

F.

- Falstaff's soldiers: 10.
 Fanning, Col. David: 145; 199.
 Farmer's Letters: 174.
 Faublas, Chevalier de: 165.
 Ferguson, Capt. Patrick: 165.
 Fitzgerald, Edw. 122; 196.
 Flanders, Henry: 155.
 Fletcher, John: 189.
 Fort Charlotte: 183; Montgomery:
 105. Nonsense: 143; 193. William
 Henry: 193.
 Fox, C. J. 156.
 France: 47; 54; 109; 157; 175.
 Franklin, Dr. 28; 50; 52; 169; 170;
 175; 176; 179; 190; 191.
 Frederickton: 202.
 French Alliance: 32; 96; 113; Army,
 162; Fleet, 47; Generals, 10; 162;
 Revolution, 179.
 Freneau, Philip: 187.
 Frothingham, R. 162.

G.

- Gage, Gen. Thos. 57.
 Gaine, Hugh: 62.
 Galloway, Jos. 134; 155; 157; 182.
 Gates, Gen. H. 10; 43; 44; 85; 119;
 157; 160; 187; 195.
 — Robert: 160.
 Genet, M. 179.
 Gentry, Sir Ruinous: 189.
 George II: 193. III: 70; 90; 94; 100;
 101; 122; 162; 182; 190. IV: 141.
 Georgia: 170.
 Gérard, M. 33; 177.
 Germans: 165.
 Gilpin, Thos. 187.
 Gloucester, dean of, 79.
 Goddard, W. 172.
 Goldsmith, Oliver: 174.
 Gooch, Lt. Gov. 34; 177.
 Gordon, Rev. W. 161.

- Granary graveyard: 175.
 Granby, Marquis of: 191.
 Grand-Duke transport: 135; 198.
 Gray, Mrs. 184; the ferry; 183.
 Graydon, Alex. 152.
 Greene, Gen. N. 28; 43; 160; 186; 189.
 Grenadier's march: 125.
 Grey, Gen. Charles: 185. Earl; 185.
 Grigsby, H. B. 177.
 Grub Street: 52; 157.
 Gustavus: 202.

H.

- Hale, Com. 121; 123.
 Haley, Mr. 122.
 Halifax: 129; 202.
 Hamilton, Andrew: 183. Gov. James:
 43; 178. Gov. Henry: 34; 178; 183.
 William: 183.
 Hamiltoniad: 156.
 Hancock, John: 1; 7; 9; 28; 57; 130;
 158; 175; 193.
 — Thomas: 193.
 Hartley, Col. Thos. 26; 174.
 Heath, Gen. W. 43; 186.
 Henley, Capt. 186.
 Henry, J. J. 191.
 — Patrick: 13; 155; 164; 176.
 Hermes: 81.
 Hill family: 201.
 Hillsboro: 145; 196; 199.
 Holt, John: 56; 147.
 Home, John: 166.
 Hook, T. E. 82; 203.
 Hopkins, Gov. 177.
 Housegger, Col. N. 153.
 Houstoun, Gov. John: 13; 164.
 — Sir Patrick: 164.
 Howe, Earl: 62; 68; 100; 109.
 — Sir W. 62; 68; 73; 74; 81; 97;
 109; 182; 183.
 Hudson, the: 89; 105; 160.
 Hutchinson, Dr. 179.

I.

Independence: 31; 50; 96; 109; 153;
166; 168; 176; 177; 182; 183; 191;
194.
Ingliš, Bishop Charles: 24; 173: Bishop
John; 174.
Irish: 132.
Irvine, Gen. W. 152.
Irving, Washington: 166; 187.
Isaac: 119.
Israel: 120.

J.

Jamaica: (L. 1.) 132.
Jay, John: 4; 154; 175.
Jeffreys, Judge: 34.
Jefferson, T. 13; 34; 164; 175.
Jenyns, Soame: 77.
Jonas: 123; 134; 179.
Jonathan, Brother: 119.
Johnson, Dr. Sam. 172; 181.
Johnston, Col. F. 192.
Jotham: 7; 158.
Jove: 70; 181.

K.

Kalb, baron de: 196.
Kelly, Waldron: 122; 196.
Kempe, John Tabor: 61.
Kerr, Rev. Mr. 41.
Kingfisher man-of-war: 194.
Kinnnersley, Rev. E. 170.
Knox, Gen. H. 43; 185.
Knyphausen, Gen. 134; 198.

L.

Laco: 160.
Lafayette, M. de: 163.
Lamb, R. 165; 196.
Lamothe, W. 178.
Lancaster: 191.
Langdon: 157.
Lascelles, Gen. Peregrine: 123; 196.

Laval, M. de: 163.
Laurens, H. 1; 21; 28; 172.
Lauzun, Duc de: 154; 163.
Lee, Arthur: 28; 175; 181.
— Charles: 3; 54; 74; 85; 127; 153;
181; 188.
— Mrs. Charles: 202.
— Harry: 161; 165; 171; 185.
— R. H. 153; 154; 177.
Leigh, Sir Egerton: 172.
Leo X: 151.
Lexington: 196.
Lincoln, Gen. B. 19; 108; 170.
Lisle, Marquis de: 154.
Little Egg Harbor: 166.
Livingston, W. 4; 154; 169.
Logan, Mrs. D. 178.
London: 52; 137; 191. Bishop of: 152;
200: Evening Post: 127; Gazette;
170: Morning Chronicle: 185; Trade:
143; 198.
Long Island: 132; 152.
Loring, James S. 175.
Louis XVI. 33.
Louisiana: 182.
Louvét de Couvray: 165.
Lowell, J. R. 203.
Lubin: 127.
Lucifer: 118.
Lycurgus: 59.

M.

Machiavel: 75.
Mackenzie, H. 167.
Macneill, Col. Hector: 145. Capt. Neill:
145.
McCall, H. 171.
McDougall, Gen. A. 43; 185.
McDowall, Alex. 153.
McKean, Thos. 11; 19; 164; 171
McWhorter, Rev. Mr. 51; 191.
Madeira wine: 184.
Market-street: 192.

Marshall, Christopher: 168.
 Maryland loyalist: 69.
 Mass, the: 50; 190.
 Massachusetts: 57; 177; 189; 196.
 Matlack, Timothy: 41.
 Maxwell, Gen. W. 43; 185.
 Mayer, Brantz: 190.
 Mease, John: 168.
 Mercer, Gen. H. 152.
 Meschianza: 81.
 Methodists: 117; 137.
 Mifflin, Gen. T. 44; 179; 184.
 Milton: 12.
 Mississippi: 182.
 Mobile: 183.
 Monckton, brigadier: (126 carton.)
 Molasses Act: 193.
 Monmouth: 188.
 Montagu, Lord Charles Greville: 192.
 Montague, Capt. J. 194.
 Montcalm, M. de: 126.
 Montgomery, Rev. James: 122; 124;
 196.
 — Gen. R. 72; 168.
 Montreal: 190.
 Moore, Mr. 123.
 Moore, Thos. 202.
 Morris, Gouverneur: 5; 156.
 — Robert; 5; 156; 182.
 Morristown: 180.
 Moultrie, Gen. W. 19; 170.
 Moylan, Mr. 181.
 Muhlenberg, Gen. P. 43; 185

N.

Nassau Hall: 199.
 Newark: 199.
 New Brunswick: 202.
 Newburg: 161.
 New England: 76; 153; 173; 176; 185;
 197.
 New Hampshire: 176.
 New Haven: 200.

New Jersey: 154; 167; 174; 180; 199.
 New Orleans: 183.
 Newport: 153; 189.
 Newton, Sir Isaac: 75.
 New York: 109; 121; 134; 153; 174;
 193; 198.
 Nichols, John: 193.
 Norriton: 40.
 North Carolina: 191; 198.
 Notes: 149.
 Nothing: 59.
 Nova Scotia: 129; 173.

O.

Odell, Anne: 202. Rev. Jonathan: 1;
 38; 151; 157; 167; 176; 187; 189; 199.
 Lucy Anne: 202. Hon. William: 202.
 — family: 202.
 Ogden, Nich.: 194.
 Ohio: 9; 194.
 Old Clip: 198.
 Old Knyp: 198.
 Omissions: 46; 125; 183.
 Opposition, American: 193.

P.

Paine, Thos. 2; 51; 187; 191.
 Paisley: 167.
 Palemon: 89; 194.
 Palfrey, Col. W. 160.
 Palmerston, Lord: 203.
 Paper Money: 2; 28; 32; 37; 69; 71;
 137.
 Paramore, J. 137.
 Parsons, Capt. 122; 196.
 Paschall, Mr. 43.
 Pasquin, Antony: 156.
 Peel, Sir R. 203.
 Pendleton, Edm. 153.
 Penn, John and Richard: 43; 181.
 Pennsylvania: 166; 181; 186: Consti-
 tution of; 29; 174; 176.
 Percy, Charles: 182.

Peters, Rev. R. 171: Hon. R. 20; 171.
 Pettit, Chas. 186.
 Philadelphia: 97; 109; 156; 164; 166;
 168; 177; 178; 182; 190; 194; 200:
 its jail; 108; 195.
 Phillips, Gen. 186: Capt. 187.
 Phillipse family: 185.
 Phoenix man-of-war: 62.
 Point-Levi: 124.
 Pollock, O. 182.
 Pope, A. 151; 203.
 Porcupine, Peter: 75; 81; 171.
 Port Bill: 55.
 Ponghkeepsie: 43; 135.
 Presbyter, John: 64.
 Presbyterians, loyalty of Scottish: 167.
 Prescott, Gen. 195.
 Princeton: 180.
 Puff: 109.
 Pulaski, Count: 14; 154; 165.

Q.

Quakers: 41; 112; 137; 156; 188.
 Quebec: 50; 72; 121; 124; 125; 180.
 Queen's Rangers: 107.
 Querno, Camillo: 1; 151.

R.

Race Street: 168.
 Rawdon, Lord: 132.
 — N. S. 132.
 Rawle, W. 61.
 Reed, Gen. Joseph: 11; 14; 19; 44; 152;
 164; 165; 166; 171; 186; 189.
 — W. B. 202.
 Regiments: Coldstream Foot-Guards;
 198: 10th (North Lincolnshire) Foot;
 121; 125; 196: 42nd (Royal Highland)
 Foot; 91: 47th (Lancashire) Foot;
 125; 196: Shirley's (50th?) Foot; 126:
 52nd (Oxfordshire) Foot; 122: 53rd
 (Shropshire) Foot; 105: Queen's Ran-
 gers; 107: Volunteers of Ireland; 132.

Rhode Island: 47.
 Richmond, Duke of: 181.
 Rittenhouse, D. 40; 75; 199.
 'Rivington's lying gazette': 191.
 Roberdeau, Gen. D. 16; 31; 44; 166.
 Roberts, John; 11; 152; 164.
 Robertson, Gen. 198.
 Robin, Abbé: 163.
 Rob Roy: 197.
 Rochambeau, M. de: 135; 163.
 Roman Catholicism: 50; 190.
 Rome: 71; 151.
 Rosicrucius: 59.
 Roxbury: 189.
 Rudyerd, Lt. Col. H. 202.
 Rush, Dr. B. 180; 191.
 Rutledge, John and Edward: 155.

S.

Sabine, Hon. Lorenzo: 158.
 St. Andrew; 133: Anthony; 41: David;
 133: George; 133: Patrick; 132: Paul;
 51; 117; 155.
 St. Clair, Gen. A. 45; 168.
 St. James's palace: 200.
 St. Lawrence, the: 125.
 St. Vincent's: 178.
 Samuel: 191.
 Saul: 191.
 Savage, Marmaduke: 122.
 Savannah: 13; 164; 165; 170.
 Sawbridge, Ald. 52; 191.
 Scotch-Irish: 172.
 Scotland: 166; 167; 168.
 Scots: 154; 198; 199.
 Scott, Sir W. 197; 203.
 Sergeant, J. D. 179.
 Shandy, my cousin: 134.
 Shawe, Meyrick: 123; 196.
 Shippen, family of: 43; 180.
 Shirley, Sir W. 126: Mr. 123; 196.
 Simsbury mines: 142.
 Sir Ruinous Gentry: 189.

Skinner, Cortlandt: 61.
 Slongh, Matthias: 192.
 Smith, James: 26; 174.
 — Rev. W. 19; 94; 168; 200.
 Smuggle, Nathan: 66.
 Smuggling: 143; 193; 198.
 Smyth, Capt. J. F. D. 107; 194.
 Society for propagating the Gospel: 200.
 Sodom: 52.
 Solomon: 58.
 Solon: 59.
 Spain: 98; 109.
 Sparks, Jared: 202.
 Spectator, the: 151.
 Spencer, Rev. E. 42; 51; 180; 191.
 Springfield: 136; 198.
 Stamford: 142; 144.
 Stamp Act: 94; 176.
 Statehouse at Phila: 177; 180; 183; 185;
 188.
 Stenton: 178.
 Steuben, baron: 162.
 Stevenson, John Hall: 134.
 Stirling, Earl of: 14; 165.
 Stockton, Mr. 154.
 Stony Point: 161.
 Strada: 151.
 Strutt: 109.
 Stuyvesant, Mr. 194.
 Suffolk co. Mass. 189.
 Sullivan, Gen. J. 46; 152; 188.
 Sully, Duke de: 189.
 Surry: 201.
 Swift, Dr. Jonathan: 193.

T.

Taite —: 122.
 Tallman, Peter: 201.
 Tarleton, Lt. Col. Banastre: 185.
 Taxation, folly of: 30.
 Tea, green: 181.
 Tea tax: 194.
 Terrick, Dr. Richard: 200.

Thacher, Dr. James: 152.
 Thanksgiving-day: 57.
 Thomson, Charles: 39; 178.
 Thompson, Barney: 132.
 — Mr. 122.
 — Gen. Wm. 171.
 Thwaites, George: 122; 196.
 Townshend, Brigadier: 126 (carton).
 Tophet: 118.
 Torbay: 198.
 Towne, B. 69; 75.
 Trenton: 176; 179.
 Trumbull, J. 159.
 Tryon, Gov. W. 157.
 Tucker, Dean: 77; 79.
 Tucker, Samuel: 42; 180.

U.

Uniforms: 185; 192; 196.
 United States: 28; 200.

V.

Valtas, —: 122.
 Van Rensselaer family: 185.
 Vaudreuil, M. de: 126.
 Venice: 71.
 Vernon: 122.
 Vergennes, M. de: 158.
 Versailles: 28.
 Virginia: 153; 164; 177; 178; 182; 185;
 191.

W.

Wales, Prince of: 140.
 Walpole, Horace: 187.
 War, Board of: 171.
 Warburton, Bishop: 151.
 Warren, Gen. Jos. 152.
 Washington: 2; 9; 12; 28; 74; 159;
 163; 175; 176; 185; 186; 188; 194.
 — William: 185.
 Waterbury, Gen. D. 142; 144; 198.
 Watts, J. 185.

Wayne, Gen. A. 10; 54; 90; 160.
Wedgwood's dishes: 66.
Wells, Robert: 53.
Welles, Col. 153.
Wesley, Rev. J. 117; 137.
Westchester co. N. Y. 185; 200.
West Florida: 182.
Westminster: 200; 201.
Wharton, Thos. Jr. 14; 165.
White, Col. Antony Walton: 191.
—— Bishop: 19; 167; 169.
Whitfield, Rev. G. 38; 178.
Whittier, J. G. 203.
Wilkes, John: 52.
Willing, Capt. James: 182.

Willing, Thomas: 43; 169; 182.
Wilmington: 199.
Wilson, James: 15; 166; 169.
Witherspoon, Dr. J. 16; 154; 166.
Wolfe, Gen. 124; 125; 188.
Woodhull family: 200.
Woodlands: 184.
Wraxall, Sir N. 165.

Y.

Yankee farms; 135; 198.
Yates, Robert: 43; 180.
Yellow-wigs: 20; 172.
York co. Penn. 172; 174.

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